THE BITER.

A COMEDY.

Written by *N. ROWE*, Esq;

Sed quid opus teneras Mordaci *radere vero*
Auriculas? Videsis, ne majorum tibi fortè
Limina frigescant; sonat hic de nare canina
Litera. Pers. Sat. 1.

The SECOND EDITION.

LONDON:
Printed for *J. T.* and Sold by *T. Jauncy*, at the *Angel* without *Temple-Bar*. MDCCXX.

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PROLOGUE.

Spoken by Mr. *Betterton*.

YOU, who in furious Factions take Delight,
Know, you are not to be regal'd to-Night;
These Scenes do no one sparring Blow afford,
But Peace and Moderation is the Word:
No Side, nor Man on either side, is hit,
We single out no Courtier, Clown, or Cit,
And if you're angry, 'tis all wrong, you're bit.
Nor let the well-bred Man, of Parts and Taste,
Look sharp for Dainties at a Country Feast;
Expect no sprightly Turns, nor Language here,
But rest contented with your homely Chear,
'Tis such as we cou'd get at Croydon Fair.
Our Men of Mirth have never been at Court,
Where Beaux, and Belles, and gentler Wits resort,
Biters indeed! and of the better sort.
To bare bambouz'ling we may chance pretend,
Or by the Christen Name to catch a Friend;
But to some happier Wit we leave to tell,
Of those who in true Biting most excel.
For that great Work old Bards shall rise again,
And the Sicilian Maids renew the lofty Strain.
Let not a Rival Writer stir up Spight
In you, who judge of Comedy, or Write;
For tho' fond Parents on their Off-spring doat,
And ev'ry Idiot Author loves the Brat he got;
Yet ours gives freely up his Petit Piece,
And swears that you may use it as you please:
Nay should you take his Drolling in good part,
He owns this only as a youthful Start,
And sets no Claim up to the Comick Art.
So whom keen Patriots pursue the Chace,
The shifting Statesman yields, and sues for Grace,
And to preserve his Carcase quits his Place.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.

OF all the Taxes which the Poet pays,
Thoſe Funds of Verſe, none are ſo hard to raiſe
As Prologues and as Epilogues to Plays.
So many mighty Wits are gone before,
They've rifled all the Muſes ſacred Store;
Like Conqu'ring Armies thro' the Province paſs'd,
Swept all, and left it ruin'd, void and waſte.
Yet, Conſcientious you can ſtill demand
Large Contributions from the wretched Land;
Expect that we ſhould ſtill purſue the Theme,
Tho' you deny to us, what you allow'd to them.

Bold Satyr then you did permit to reign,
Satyr, that Noiſe and Nonſenſe cou'd reſtrain;
Then to be pleas'd and taught the Hearers came,
They got Inſtruction, and the Poet Fame.
Then Strephon's *Verſe to either Sex gave Law,*
And charm'd the Fair, and kept the Fools in Awe.
But now, for Reaſons to your ſelves beſt known,
Your Father's Wit and Pleaſures you diſown;
Hither ye Herds of Fools ſecurely come;
Prologue and Epilogue,
Your antient Foes, are muzzled now and dumb.

We Women think it hard, when Laws prevail
That take away our Privilege to rail;
Maids, Wives and Miſtreſſes, aſſert the Cauſe,
In ſpight of Reformation *and the Laws:*
And tho' the cenſur'd Stage no Tales muſt tell,
Yet Viſiting-Days and Tea may do as well.
Henceforth, in ſolemn Meetings of the Fair,
Our own dear Sex and all their Failings ſpare;

Le

EPILOGUE.

Let no ill-natur'd She ſeverely ſay
What hideous ill-dreſs'd Things ſhe ſaw that Day:
Let envious Uglineſs no more reprove
Her fairer Friend's ſucceſsful Pow'r in Love;
But let each able Tongue do all ſhe can,
Let Satyr be the Word, and the whole Subject Man.

Tell of dull Knights, ſad Squires, and wretched Cits,
Diſplaying *Poets, and brisk biting Wits;*
Then ſay what Wine, what Friends, what choice Delights,
Employ their dull Days, and yet duller Nights;
Laſh ev'ry Fool of ev'ry Kind and Faſhion,
And be the true Reformers *of the Nation.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

MEN.

Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, An *Eaſt-India* Merchant, very Rich, in Love with *Mariana*, a great Affecter of the *Chineſe* Cuſtoms.	Mr. *Betterton*.
Pinch, A Biting Squire.	Mr. *Pack*.
Clerimont, Nephew to Sir *Timothy*.	Mr. *Verbruggen*.
Friendly, In Love with *Angelica*.	Mr. *Booth*.
Scribbleſcrabble, A City Sollicitor.	Mr. *Leigh*.
Bandileer, A Foot Soldier.	Mr. *Knap*.
Trick, Servant to *Friendly*.	Mr. *Fieldhouſe*.
Grumble, Servant to *Pinch*.	Mr. *Trout*.
Babee, Servant to Sir *Timothy*.	Mr. *Freeman*.

WOMEN.

Lady *Stale*, An affected amorous old Widow.	Mrs *Leigh*.
Mariana, Privately marry'd to *Clerimont*, and related to *Friendly*.	Mrs. *Bracegirdle*.
Angelica, Daughter to Sir *Timothy*.	Mrs. *Mountfort*.
Mrs. *Clever*.	Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Scribbleſcrabble*,	Mrs. *Lawſon*.

Servants belonging to Sir *Timothy*, Two Whores.

SCENE *CROYDON*.

THE

THE BITER.

ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *A Country Town.*

Enter CLERIMONT.

Cler. *Rimdly* ſtays ſomewhat long, for ſo paſſionate a Perſon as he ſeems to be. This Lazineſs in Love looks as if Matrimony had gone before, and the beſt part of the Buſineſs had been over. ——Oh *Trick!*

Enter Trick.

Where's your Maſter?

Trick. He'll be here in a minute, Sir; juſt get rid of a little Misfortune that follows him.

Cler. Misfortune! What Misfortune?

Trick. My Lady *Stale.*

Cler. The Devil! Is ſhe with him?

Trick. Too true, Sir:——Your ancient Gentlewoman is a tenacious Animal,——they ſeldom looſe their hold 'till they have drawn Blood;——tho' to give my Maſter his due, he lives after a frank manner enough with her;——he'll make no ſcruple of dropping her, leave her to daggle about the Fair by her ſelf, at the firſt Stop ſhe makes; we ſhall have him here preſently——See, didn't I tell you ſo, Sir?

Enter Friendly.

Friend. Dear *Clerimont*, I have Ten Thouſand Pardons to beg of you; I treſpaſs upon your Patience at a ſtrange rate.

Cler. Dear Sir, truce with your Compliments; and if you pleaſe, let us come to the Matter in hand——Yon new Houſe is my Uncle's.

Trick. 'Twou'd ha' made your Honour a pretty Seat, if you had not fallen out with him.

Cler. He has been there with his Daughter theſe Three Days,—— you are in love with her, have a mind to marry her;—he's a fantaſtical obſtinate old Fellow, and reſolves againſt parting either with her or his Mony, but to a Coxcomb of his own chuſing; who (by the way) came down in the ſame Coach with me to-day,——ſo that unleſs we can find out ſome Stratagem to make an Aſs of him, and a happy Man of you, poor *Angelica* muſt die a Maid, or marry the Fool, as aforeſaid.

Friend. In order to that we have already taken all meaſures, tho' I muſt own I apprehend ſome Difficulty in the Execution of 'em.——Did the Booby Lover that came with you know you?

Cler. Not at all.——I'll aſſure you he's a moſt extraordinary Perſon, and a Biter, as his miſerable Fellow-Travellers, the very Coachman, and indeed every body we met upon the Road found to their Coſt.

Friend. The Devil he is! That new Generation of Wags are the moſt inſufferable Teizers!——It happens luckily enough; for your Uncle has met with 'em ſome where or other, and I ſuppoſe has been bit to the purpoſe, for he raves

raves at the very mention of the Word, swears 'tis a villanous Design to corrupt all our Morality, and breed up our Youth in the Practice of early Lying; he hopes to see it made Felony by Act of Parliament.——I perceive my Rival will hardly prove so formidable as we took him to be.

Trick. Fear nothing, Sir; Rug's the Word, all's safe. For the old Gentleman, leave him to me. This Fair-time gives his Country Neighbours a Liberty of coming to his House, tho' the Inside of it at another time is as hard to be seen as a fortify'd Place in the time of War,——but the Devil's in him if he can keep us out now:——I have engag'd two or three very pretty Fellows here of the Town to be of the Party with us, smart Dogs for the contriving part, and of most invincible passive Courage to go thro' with the Execution,——they have had the Honour to be beaten black and blue in several Adventures already.

Clar. For the rest, the lovely *Mariana*, your charming Kinswoman, has engag'd a notable Limb of the Law, a City Sollicitor, in your Interests;——if there be any thing in his way of Roguery to do you Service you may depend upon him. My Uncle is luckily enough too in Love with *Mariana*, to a very ridiculous Extravagance; and when a Woman of Wit and Beauty has an old Fellow under those Circumstances, she seldom fails of a Secret to make him pliant.

Friend. But can you, who are so delicate a Lover, allow *Mariana* to make any Advances to this extravagant Uncle of yours?

Clar. To trust you then with a Secret of the last Importance, you must know I have been marry'd to her this Week.

Friend. To *Mariana!*

Clar. She has made me the happiest Man in the World.

Friend. Does your Uncle know any thing of this Matter?

Clar. Not a Syllable; I have been so long upon scurvy

Terms with him, that I thought 'twou'd be to little purpose to ask his Consent.

Trick. Sir, Sir, as I live yonder's Mrs. *Clever*;——— Mr. *Clermont* is in Disgrace with his Uncle, and I being in somewhat scoundrelish, or, as your Honour calls it, [*To* Cler.] scurvy Terms with him my self, what if we shou'd retain her for an opening Council towards him?

Cler. Ha! lucky enough.

Friend. 'Sdeath! She's an intimate Friend of my Lady *Stale's*.

Trick. Ah dear Sir, she hath a violent Passion for Money;——she loves it better, not than any thing, I wo'nt say that of her neither, but than any Friend that ever she had, from her God-fathers and God-mothers to the last new Acquaintance she made.

Cler. Prithee call her——I have been mightily in her Books of late.

Trick. Hum! not altogether so proper just now;——my Lady *Stale* has join'd her, and they are both coming this way

Friend. Let's be gone;——I wou'd not see her.——And d'ye hear, Sirrah, contrive some way to rid us of my Lady *Stale*;———that unlucky amorous Five and Forty Face of hers is a meer Omen of ill Fortune,——— I wish we may never meet her 'till our Projects are past crossing.

Trick. I warrant you, Sir: And for Mrs. *Clever*, you may reckon the thing done;———you may depend upon her, as much as the *French* King does upon his Cousin of *Bavaria*. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lady Stale *and Mrs.* Clever.

Stale. Well, dear *Clever*, never talk, for this *Croydon* is a most insufferable filthy Place.

Clev. There's a great deal of Hurry, Dust and Noise indeed. And yet so there are at *May* Fair and *Bartholomew* Fair, where all the World come.——Methinks this Place is as diverting as those are, and the People are as merry here as there, tho' they are not so well dress'd.

Stale.

Stale. Dreſs'd! the Creatures! why, Child, Dreſſing's a reaſonable thing——one muſt have a fine Wit, delicate and well turn'd, to be able to Dreſs.——The things that come here never think, they love Walnuts and Sack, and fat Gooſe, and ſeeing of Monſters, and laughing *à Gorge déployée*, but they never think.——Well, I am perfectly glad I have met thee.——I'll ſwear I believe I am the only Woman of Condition here.——I'll ſwear I'm in the laſt Confuſion to think I could have ſo much Complaiſance for *Friendly* to come hither.——I'll ſwear I believe you muſt think me furiouſly fond, to let him engage me in a Party ſo horribly upon the ridiculous.

Clev. We have dropt him ſome where in the Crowd, and I fancy 'tis that makes you ſo uneaſie.——Come, Madam, confeſs, is it not Jealouſie, rather than Complaiſance, engages you in all *Friendly*'s Parties? To give the Man his due, methought he was not ſo very preſſing for your Company hither.

Stale. Jealous! poor *Clever!* I jealous of the Fellow! I ſwear, Madam, you're as much miſtaken, Madam, as perhaps you ever were in your Life, Madam. After all, when one is made ſo very much to one's Advantage, ſo agreeable, ſo handſom, ſo every thing in the World, and when one has ſo fine a Diſcernment to underſtand it very well one's ſelf, Jealouſie is a Paſſion that perhaps after all is as little troubleſome as any Paſſion in the World.

Clev. Oh, Madam! all the World muſt confeſs how bountiful Nature has been to you, even to the laſt Prodigality of Gifts and Graces.

Stale. Why really, and between Friends, Child, I don't think my Perſon has done Nature one jot of Diſcredit——What do you think? ha! as long as good Faces have been in Faſhion, ſhe never finiſh'd one more to her Reputation.

Clev. Ay, ay, Madam, take your Perſon all together you have all the reaſon in the World to be ſatisfy'd with it.

Stale. Nay, my Dear, that I am, upon my Word;——for,

for, as I was saying, I think I may, without Affectation, aver that I am handsom, rich, nay and young too, in spight of all the little insignificant World may say to the contrary.

Clev. Why that's true—— that same World is the Devil———— the ridiculous ways they have got in that World!———— You shall have 'em, when they are vex'd at their Hearts that they grow old themselves, fancy that every Body else grows old in proportion as they do: You shall have 'em, because they happen'd to Dance at a Ball with a Woman, in the merry Days of King *Charles* the Second, cry, Smoak the reverend Gentlewoman, tho' she has as much Cherry-colour'd Ribbon, and black Hair fruz'd out as any Toast of 'em all, and never miss'd the Front-Box of a new Play these Thirty Years.

Stale. The World is full of Impertinences———but you may take my Word for it, that I am young, very young.

Clev. Oh dear Madam! you don't think there is any Occasion to convince me of it?

Stale. No, Child, not at all as to that;——but besides now, besides all these Accomplishments, I ought to pique my self somewhat upon my Birth and Family.

Clev. Why, that is very hard now, as to this damn'd World again.

Stale. As how, dear *Clever*?

Clev. As how? why that there should be such a thing as Scandal————that Virtue and Merit, like your Ladyship's, should run the Gantlet thro' so many Visiting Days every Week.————Why I believe I have heard a Thousand People say, that you never had Father or Mother, Uncle or Aunt, Sister or Brother, that your self or any other Body knew of————nay, not so much as a Husband, tho' your Ladyship has had the Misfortune to be a disconsolate Widow for so many Years last past.

Stale. This is pleasant, I vow! but, dear *Clever*, this is particularly pleasant———— the ridiculous World! as if every

every Body did not know my Family.——I'd have 'em to comprehend I have Two as fine young Gentlemen as ever wore Gowns at the Univerſity——the worſt of 'em (and indeed I think that is *Jeremy*) the worſt of 'em underſtands *Hebrew*——And then my Neice at *Hackney* is the prettieſt witty Creature.

Clev. Ah, Madam, 'tis not your Fertility is in Queſtion, no Body can have the Impudence to diſpute that part of your Family——Your Poſterity is all ſafe, but 'tis concerning your Illuſtrious Anceſtors that the Doubt is rais'd.

Stale. Folly to the laſt degree!——I ſwear you begin to be mighty entertaining.

Clev. You'll pardon me, Madam, that I have dealt ſo very freely with your Ladyſhip——You'll allow for the Sincerity of Friendſhip.

Stale. Oh by all means, my Dear, you wrong me to ſuſpect the contrary——I have Wit enough to be above the little Envy of thoſe talking things——beſides I am Rich, have a Fortune, *Argent Comptant*, Child.

Clev. A Fortune!

Stale. Ay, *Clever*, a Fortune.

Clev. Nay, then I don't wonder at your being above what the World can ſay of you.——Poſitively no Body can be out of Humour that has Mony enough.

Stale. I think I have ſome kind of an Inclination to Mr. *Friendly*——the Man loves me to Folly;——I am pleas'd he ſhould do ſo, and, in ſhort, I intend he ſhall marry me within theſe Two Days.

Clev. Well, Madam, I wiſh you good Succeſs——but the World, that has been ſo ill-natur'd to diſpute one Husband with you, may try to hinder you of another——therefore have a Care, and make ſure of your Man while you can have him.——Between the Wars abroad, and the many preſſing Occaſions at home, Men are ſcarce.

Enter Mariana.

Mar. My Lady *Stale*! Is it poſſible that I ſhould meet you here?

Stale.

Stale. *Marinos!* this is the very Predeſtination of good Fortune——my Dear, Dear, incomparable Dear!—But, Child! what, are you alone?

Mar. Oh no, Madam,——the Diverſions of this Place draw ſo much Company to 'em, that 'twould be almoſt impoſſible to come alone, eſpecially in a Stage-Coach——To deal freely with you, I came hither upon an Engagement with Mr. *Clerimont*.

Stale. And the reſt of your Company?

Mar. Gallant and engaging to the laſt degree. A Templer, a Lady of Wit and Pleaſure, and a notable Man of Buſineſs out of the City.

Clev. I ſuppoſe your Ladyſhip can give a very good Account of the Inns of Court Gallantry?

Mar. Oh, Mrs. *Clever*, your Servant.——You have brought your uſual good Humour hither, I ſee.

Clev. I am always very much at your Service, Madam.

Stale. Well, but how have you diſpos'd of your Company?

Mar. All diſpers'd——my young Squire was taken up with Four or Five fine Ladies in Masks.

Stale. And your Lady of Pleaſure?

Mar. With a Knot of Rakes.——And my Man of Buſineſs is engag'd in an Affair of Conſequence.

Stale. An Affair of Conſequence at *Covent*?

Mar. Ay, I'll aſſure you, and very great too.——A Whim took him to give himſelf a t'other End o' the Town kind of an Air, and he wou'd not pay the Coach-Man—— whereupon ——

Clev. I ſuppoſe he beat him.

Mar. Even ſo, from Top to Toe——He had juſt finiſh'd him when I left 'em.

Stale. Very pleaſant!——But, my Dear, have you met with no Adventure your ſelf?

Mar. Oh with a very good one, I aſſure you:——A Grenadier of the Guards proffer'd to Treat me with burnt Brandy and Sawſages.

Clev.

Clev. Very gallant!

Stale. Oh shocking! But 'tis like the horrible Place—I swear, my Dear, we ought never to be forgiven for coming hither.

Clev. Oh dear Madam, be compos'd, I beseech you—my Life on't, you meet with none of those Insolences.—Such little wild young Creatures as *Marinna* can't avoid the Impertinence of an impudent young Fellow; but he must be a Grenadier indeed that would attack your Ladyship.

Enter Mr. Scribblescrable, *bloody and dirty.*

Mar. Ah dear Mr. *Scribblescrable*! I rejoice to see you—I am glad you're got out of the Clutches of that unmerciful pounding Coachman.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, your Slave, your Slave, nothing in the Earth, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Stale. Is this the Lawyer, Child?

Mar. The same.

Scrib. One always meets with your me-me-merry Wags, and your comical Jo-Jokes, Madam, at Fairs and such like Places; ——— for my part, I came a pu-pu-pu-purpose ——

Mar. To be beaten? A very whimsical Design, very far from a Jest, and in my Opinion went off very tragically on your Side

Scrib. Not at all, Madam, not at all, a Te-Te-Trifle, a Trifle.

Mar. Your Nose bleeds sadly.

Scrib. Nothing at all, very good, very wholsome;—I always bleed Spring and Fall.

Clev. Men of Gallantry turn every thing into good Humour and Mirth. —— I know Mr. *Scribblescrabble* of old, always a Wag.

Scrib. Ah! *Na-Na-Nanny! Nanny Clever*! By *Jo-Jo-Jericho* I'm glad to see thee.

Clev. He's a great Man at Adventures, —— the Fair-thing Pye-houses in *Moor-fields* ring of him.

Stale

Stale. Well, to have Adventures is always a Mark of a Man of Condition. *Mr. Scribblefrable*, give me Leave to felicitate your good Fortune.

Mar. Ah dear Madam, you don't know him.—— He's intimate with all the agreeable Rakes about Town, wears a lac'd Hat with a ſmart Pinch in Vacation-time, and plays at Picket at the *Temple* Chocolate-houſes.

Scrib. Tr-truly, Madam, if it were not diſcountenanc'd in the City, I do think a de-de-demy Caſtor, with a faſhionable Edging, a very Ge-Ge-Gentleman-like kind of an Ornament.

Clev. He is a very Terror to all the Husbands of the Ward he lives in, —— Two Chandlers Wives, beſides a Haberdaſher of ſmall Wares's Daughter, have been turn'd out of Doors for him within this Half Year.

Scrib. Ah me-me-meer Waggery, Sc-Sc-Scandal.— What ſhou'd the Ladies ſee in me?

Clev. Oh that Spirit, that Wit, that agreeable Freedom.

Scrib. Something of a fr-fr-frank manner, Madam; ah, ha, ha,—— but wh-what's that, what's that, Madam? —— But how came you to know me! I value my ſelf upon being cloſe.

Clev. What, d'ye think the World knows nothing? —— But beſides, whatſoever he ſays, he loves to make a Noiſe with his Adventures.

Scrib. Aa, fy, fy, fy, —— no, no, no.

[*Making an ugly Face.*

Stale. Pretty Expreſſion of his Paſſion!

Clev. Then 'tis the little peeviſheſt Creature, rather than not quarrel he'll quarrel and box with his Miſtreſs her ſelf; then ſhe, you know, naturally reſiſts, then an Uproar, out come the Prentices. ——

Stale. What! engage with the Domeſticks?

Clev. Up with Paring-ſhovels, Blows abound, and the Lover is ruefully beaten for the Cloſe of his Adventure.

Mar. Suffering for the Ladies is gallant; and you ſee Love is his *foible*. But what ſays poor Madam *Scribblefrable* to all this?

Scrib.

Scrib. A a a.

Stale. His Wife? What, has he a Wife! Oh unfaithful Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble!*

Scrib. Na-na-name her not, name her her not, I ſay.

Clev. Marry but we will tho' ——— ſince, to her Praiſe be it ſpoken, ſhe's an Example to the whole Pariſh for Patience and good Houſewifry.

Scrib. Shall I tell you? My Dru-Drudge, my Convenience, my patient *Griſſel*, ——— ſhe in the Be-Be-Ballad was a Type of her, and I am her n-n-noble Marquis, her Lord, her great *Turk*, by *Je-Jericho*.

Stale. What a barbarous little gallant Perſon it is!

Mar. Why didn't you bring her with you to-Day?

Scrib. What, about bu-bu-bus'neſs? ——— Inco-co-congruous, Madam. —— No, I left her, I left her ——.

Clev. Penſively at home, I warrant you.

Scrib. Mending the foul Clothes, and the Childrens Stockings; ——— but let us leave her to her Co-Co-Cowheel and Pint of Ale, and talk of other Matters —— Have you ſeen Mem-Mem-Mr. ———? [*To* Mariana.

Mar. aſide.] Huſht! a Word with you. ——— No naming of Names ——— hark in your Ear.

[*Mariana whiſpers* Scribbleſcrabble.

Clev. You ſee, Madam, what a baſe World it is, how falſe the Men and how miſerable the Women are: —— The very *Scribbleſcrabbles* of the City have got into the way of deſpiſing their Wives.

Stale. 'Tis too true, Child; and there are very few in this fantaſtical Age that the greateſt Merit can oblige to Conſtancy: ——— And if I didn't think *Friendly* a Man that had a very exact *Goût* for Merit, one that enter'd very far into Merit, extreamly far, almoſt as far as 'tis poſſible for one to enter into Merit, I ſhould hardly truſt my ſelf in his or any Man's Hands.

Clev. Look ye, Madam, he may enter into Merit as far as another, I don't diſpute that, Madam; but how will you keep him from being weary of Merit, and having

ing his Belly full of Merit, as they say, getting rid of Merit, turning Merit off again?

Stale. For that, Child, I trust to my Merit, 'tis my own, I know it, and I trust to it.

Clev. Matrimony's an uncertain Game.

Stale. 'Tis so. —— But you know we Women love Play. ——— Besides, Rallery apart, my Physicians tell me, that I shall never be free from the Tooth-ach, Vapours, and a Scurvy Humour that haunts me Spring and Fall, 'till, ah! ah! (you'll pardon the Misfortune of my Constitution) 'till I have another Child. ——— Nay, they say if I had Twins 'twould be better, and go more to the bottom of my Distemper.

Clev. Nay then you had best get your Ingredients together, and go into the Course as soon as possible, for fear the Season for Physick should be over.

Stale. My dear, I see you're busie. [*To* Mariana.] We'll go on before.

Mar. But a Word, Madam, and I wait on you.

Stale. Clever and I'll walk on before ——— you'll overtake us before we get to the Monsters,—— I have a strange Fancy for Monsters.

Clev. Did your Ladyship ever see the *Mantegur*?

Stale. Oh dea! no —— he was a very obscene Monster ——— he was obscene, rude, very rude and beastly ——— but the *Womantegur* ———

Clev. His Lady?

Stale. ——— Was very well bred, and had a great deal of Wit. ——— This is her Day, I believe; if she sees Company here, we'll visit her.

Clev. With all my Heart. [*Exeunt.*

Mar. Look ye, be careful, and you may expect every thing from Mr. *Friendly*'s Bounty; ——— for *Clevimont*'s Unkle, I'll undertake he shall set his Name to the Deeds when they are ready.

Scrib. 'Tis enough; they are here in pu-pu- prefition my Green-bag here; I want nothing but the old Ge-Ge-Gentleman's Name to fill up the Blanks with.

Mar.

Mar. For that I can inform you ——— he writes himself Sir *Timothy Tallapoy* of *Kingquongrungo*.

Scrib. What a pu-pu-plaguy Pagan N-Name is that for a Proteſtant Pu-Pu-Pariſh!

Mar. 'Tis a Name he has given to a new Houſe he has built hard by here. You muſt know he has got his Eſtate by the *China* Trade in the *Eaſt-Indies*, and at that time grew ſo fantaſtically fond of the Manners, Language, Habit and every thing that relates to thoſe People, that he prefers 'em not only before thoſe of his own Country, but all the World beſide. 'Tis ridiculous enough to ſee how he makes himſelf be dreſs'd and ſerv'd exactly after the *Chineſe* manner.

Scrib. Ve-very whimſical, ſe-ſe-faith and troth.

Mar. But huſht! ——— here's our Fellow-Traveller, the Temple Wag, that came down in the Coach with us.

Enter Pinch, *and Two Women in Masks.*

Pinch. You tell me you are very paſſionate ———

1 *Mask.* What, are you ſuch a Monſter not to believe me when I ſwear?

Pinch. It is really inconſiſtent. ——— You have known me but Two Minutes and a half, and you intend to bambouzle me out of a Beef Stake.

1 *Mask.* Not for that, my Dear, indeed; ——— but if we ſhould dine together we ſhould be ſo facetious ——— and I can tell you ſomething of ſome body that lodges at the *Black-boy and Still* in a certain Place.

2 *Mask.* Hark ye, Madam, come away, Madam, ——— We won't be beholding to the Pimp.

1 *Mask.* No, pray ſtay, Madam; Ill aſſure you, Madam, I know the Gentleman, ——— he is a Relation of mine, and ———

Pinch. Bite!

2 *Mask.* What d'ye mean, Pimp? ha, Pimp! What's Bite, Pimp? Will you give us a Bottle of Wine, or no, Pimp?

Pinch

Pinch. Why then I tell you No. ——— And now I have told you my Mind without a Bite, pox.

2 *Mask.* Dammee, Madam, come away, Madam; —— there's Madam *Footstocking* at the *Greyhound* —— she has brought down a Couple of Bob Wigs out of *Change*, shall treat us both. —— Look ye, Pimp, I shall meet you some Night or other in the Play-house Passage, and then I'll bite you, I will so, Pimp you! [*Exeunt Masks.*

Mar. Mr. *Pinch*, your Servant; —— I vow I'm afraid you're very ill-natur'd —— you treated your Ladies very roughly, methought.

Pinch. Oh dear no, Madam, by no means, Madam —— I am fond of the Fair to the last degree; by the solemn Powers, Madam. —— Your Ladyship is, as I may say, a Biter, Madam.

Mar. Upon my Word 'tis very innocently, for I don't know what it is.

Pinch. Oh dear, Madam, excuse me for that —— no, no, bite, bite, Madam, that won't pass indeed.

Mar. Nay I must confess I take it to be something that is very entertaining, because I see it makes up a great part of the Conversation among you fine Gentlemen.

Pinch. Oh your only new Way of Humour. —— We that pretend to be Men of Wit and Pleasure do nothing but bite all Day long.

Mar. But pray, Sir, as how? for Example a little:

Pinch. Why as thus; suppose now I should say Sir *Simon Snuffle* was a Wit.

Mar. A Wit! he's a Politician indeed, and a smart little Gentleman; but for a Wit ——

Pinch. Bite! there 'tis now ——— Why he's no more a Wit than I am a Politician. Or now if I should say I am going to *Moscow*, or that I am to be Lord Mayor, or that the Cham of *Tartary*'s my Cousin-German, that the Pope's a Whig, and the *French* King a Reformer, Beauty to be abolish'd, and Matrimony and ugly Faces to prevail; How! say you with a grave Face indeed: Bite, says I —— that's

that's all; ——— you ſee 'tis the eaſieſt thing in the World.

Smith. Mo-mo-mighty eaſie fe-fe-Faith and Troth. ——— Why this is nothing but lying ——— Here I have been a Biter, Man and Boy, theſe Thirty Years, and never knew it.

Mar. Well, I ſee you are a true Biter, and a right Wit of the Age, by winding up your Jeſt with Matrimony ——but have you been a Sufferer by the Ladies, that you ſpeak ſo ill of their Profeſſion?

Finch. Pardon me, not at all, Madam, only for the Grace of Wit, and to make up the troll of the Sentence, as merrily conceited Perſons are us'd to do. I am Matrimony's humble Servant, came down to this very individual Town of *Croydon* to pay my Reſpects to it, and am to ſubſcribe my ſelf Matrimony's Bond-ſlave to-morrow.

Mar. And who is the Nymph that is to be made happy?

Finch. Happy! ah ha, Bite, Madam. ——— I am to be marry'd indeed, but no Body's to be made happy.

Mar. You are ſuch a Wag one dos'nt know where to have you. ——— Well, but who is is that is to have the Honour of being your bitten Bride, ——— for bit ſhe will be, that I foreſee already.

Finch. Right, Madam, for, as you ſay, I ſhall bite her, tho' ſhe be Bone of my Bone never ſo much. ——— You muſt know 'tis one Madam *Angelica*, Daughter to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, a rich Merchant hard by here.

Mar. Handſome to a Miracle, I ſuppoſe.

Finch. 'Egad I don't know, that's as the Fates ſhall appoint ——— for you muſt know I never ſaw her nor her Father in my Life, nor heard of 'em till within theſe Three Days, when a Comical old Fellow, a Father of mine in the Country, ſends up a Servant of his, one *Gregory Grumble* by Name, (whom, by the way, I bit Seven times before he could tell how my Father and Mother, my Brothers and Siſters, my Uncles and Aunts, and the reſt of my Relations in the Country did) to tell me that he

he had agreed with a Gentleman for a Wife for me, I received the News, bit the Bearer again, and then sent him to notify to my Father-in-Law that is to be.

Mar. And in Consequence thereof you are come down hither?

Pinch. To bite the Old Gentleman and the rest of my *Cuckoldmas* Relations, consummate with his Daughter, and beget a biting Generation for the Benefit of Posterity.

Mar. aside to *Scrib.*] You see this is your Man—before you don't lose Sight of him.

Scrib. *To-to-toot's* the Word, Madam, —— a Word to the Wise——I'll be-be-bite him, I warrant you.

Mar. You're so intent upon this Fair Lady, that I'm afraid we must despair of your good Company.

Pinch. For that Fair Lady you speak of, time enough —— I'll marry her to-morrow time enough, I'll warrant you —— I'll marry her —— Can she desire more? —— But for you, Madam, I would forsake the greatest Princess upon the Earth, tho' she were fair as the blushing Morn —— or ——

Mar. Oh dear! this is a very particular piece of Gallantry, —— but you Men of Wit and Pleasure are so engaging ——

Pinch. For really, Madam, since the first happy Minute I had the Honour to know you,

Mar. Which was about Two Hours ago, [*Aside.*

Pinch. I have really had the greatest Inclination in the World to profess my self, Madam, your Ladyship's most profound humble Servant.

Mar. Nay, I swear this is too much —— I would not make your Lady jealous for the World.

Pinch. Madam, shall I tell your Ladyship without a Bite, and by the solemn Powers, I am passionate and sincere.

Mar. I have a strange Inclination to take you at your Word.

Pinch. Od! and so do —— here am I that will make it out.

Mar.

Mar. Give me your Hand---- I'll have a good Opinion of my Beauty, and intrench upon your Bride's Prerogative; for this Day I receive you for my Servant, and if you don't like me when that's over, as well as you do now, you shall repair to your Lady Mistress at Night, and be marry'd to-morrow for your Punishment.

Pinch. Od! I like this mightily ---- strangely ---- Faith ---- Od! there's a good deal of Conceit in it---- It's like a Carnival before *Lent*,---- or a----

Mar. Come hang Similes ---- we'll join the rest of our Company, and be as merry as the Day's long.

Pinch. Or like---- or hold---- stay---- or like a Biting and a Beating, or like Laughing and Crying, or like fair Weather and foul, or like riding in a Coach and going afoot afterwards,---- or like----

Mar. Phoo! phoo! ------- Come along, I'll warrant you----

Pinch. Or like---Od! I don't know---- like somewhat that's very merry and very melancholy---- But, as you say, hang Similes, and so come along.

[*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

I.

CLOE blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
And push'd me rudely from her.
I call'd her perjur'd, faithless Whore,
To talk to me of Honour.

II.

But when I rose and would be gone,
She cry'd, Nay, whither go ye?
Young Damon saw; now we're alone,
Do what you will with Cloe.

End of the First Act.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy, *Two or Three Servants ridiculously habited haling in* Grumble.

Sir *Tim.* LOOK ye, Sirrah, I will put you into the Hands of the *Tutang*, which is, according to Interpretation, the Officer that delighteth in Juſtice, which is, according to *Engliſh* Expreſſion, the Conſtable of *Ceylon*; ----- I'll ſee whether the Laws of this Land, as corrupt as they are, will allow you in Enormities like theſe.

Grum. Yauſt charge the Counſtable wi' ma' ---- Yauſt put me i' th' Stocks now! Maiſter's Worſhip, Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Worſhip, and my Lady *Pinch*'s Worſhip, and young Maiſter *Pinch*'s Worſhip, the young Squair's Worſhip, they'ſt take't huge kaindly o' yaur Worſhip to put their Man i' th' Stoucks for bracking the Boble there.

Sir *Tim.* Profane Raſcal! Sirrah! It was the Pagode, or Repreſentation of the great *Callaſuſu*, who was Nephew to the Great *Fillimaſo*, who was deſcended from the illuſtrious *Fohiemſi*, who was the firſt Inventer of eating Rice upon Platters.----- Sirrah! if you had been at *Nanquin*, or the great City of *Xamſi*, you had ſuffer'd Death, Sirrah! Death, you Varlet!

Enter Angelica.

Ang. How now? What's the matter? What has this Fellow done that he is taken into Cuſtody?

Sir *Tim.* The Pagode, the Pagode, he has broken the great Pagode.

Ang. Is that all!

Sir *Tim.* Get you in, Huſſy, incontinently I ſay: ---- You have not that Regard and Veneration for things which deſerve Regard and Veneration, which any civilly, modeſtly, or virtuouſly diſpoſed Perſon may have, can have, muſt have, and ought to have, Huſſy.

Grum.

Grum. Yau'ſt mak ſuch a Raut and a Hurly-burly, an' yau'ſt no ſtay till young Maiſter come —— here —— I'ſe pay for't — I'ſe pay for't aut of my awn Pocket, ——— here bauy another. [*Offering Money.*
Here's a Rant with a *Railaxu* and a *Zu*, with a pox. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Monſter of a Fellow! ——— Take him away from my Sight ——— Confine him in the loweſt Part of the Edifice, ev'n in the Cellar ——— Away with him, I ſay. ———

[*Exeunt Servants with* Grumble.
His Maſter will be here to-Day, and I will demand Juſtice of him ——— I will demand Two Hundred and Seventy odd Blows on his Belly, Three Hundred on his Breech, and Four Hundred and Twenty Nine on the Soles of his Feet. ——— Well, Miſtreſs, have you diſpos'd your ſelf incontinently to marry the *Mandarin* Mr. *Pinch* to-morrow, according to my Commands?

Ang. To-morrow, Sir? to-morrow's very ſoon.

Sir *Tim.* By the Majeſty of *Pekin*, an' you mutter, Huſſy, I'll have you marry'd to-Night, and then you'll be out of your Pain by to-morrow.

Ang. Pain, Sir? ——— Upon my Word, Sir, 'tis not the matter of the Pain, Sir, nor the Being out of the Pain, that I ſtand upon; but upon my Word, 'tis a very hard thing to be forc'd to marry a Man one don't like.

Sir *Tim.* Moſt provokingly impertinent! ——— to diſlike a Man before ſhe ſees him, only in oppoſition to my Paternal Authority. ——— No, Huſſy, I know the true Reaſon ——— 'tis not that you diſlike him, but becauſe you like ſomebody elſe; ——— you have ſet your Heart upon ſome of thoſe vain frothy young *Mandarins* of that imperial, but abominably vicious City of *London*, call'd Beaux.

Ang. Upon my Word, Sir, ———

Sir *Tim.* Be ſilent, I ſay. ——— For ought I know you deſign to join your ſelf to one of that execrable new

Sect, which they call the Biters, thoſe Sons of the Serpent that inhabits in the Houſe of Smoak. ——— By the Great *Lama*, I had as ſoon ſee you marry'd to the Giant *Tanſu*, who inhabits in the prodigious Mountains of *Tartary*, and eats a Hundred and Fifty Virgins every Day in the Week, but *Fridays* and *Saturdays*, and then he lives upon old Women, as good Catholicks do upon Stock-fiſh, by way of Mortification.

Ang. Well, Sir, you may do what you pleaſe with me, but I am ſure you ſhall never make me forget poor Mr. *Friendly*.

Sir *Tim.* Ah ha! Said I not ſo? Does it go there?

Ang. For his Eſtate, 'tis as good as your *Mandarin Pinch*'s; and for his perſonal Qualifications, I'm ſure I know 'em too well not to vindicate 'em againſt any *Mandarin* in Chriſtendom. —— I don't know why I ſhould not pluck up a Spirit, and tell this old *Chineſe* Father of mine his own. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Why hearken to me, my Daughter; (I will reaſon with her) thou haſt been bred up like a virtuous and a ſober Maiden, and would'ſt thou take the part of a profane Wretch, who ſold his Stock out of the Old *Eaſt-India* Company, and ſhow'd his ſcurrilous Wit in making a Jeſt of the worſhipful Traders? A ſcurvy, idle Varlet! A wicked Varlet! ———

Ang. Well, Sir, if he took his Stock out of one Fund that he was weary of, he'll put it into another that he likes better; and that's what all the young Fellows about Town do, that underſtand Buſ'neſs.

Sir *Tim.* A wicked, wicked Wretch! ——— He might have put into the New then, if he did not like the Old, ——— but to be of neither! ——— Talk no more of him ——— thou wilt put me into a Chaſe, and it will be the worſe for thee. ——— A naughty ill-principled young Man, to be of neither *Eaſt-India* Company!

Ang.

Ang. Well ——— but dear, dear Father, will you make me marry this ſcurvy Fellow I never ſaw?

Sir *Tim.* This is immoderately vexatious! ——— In good truth I am reſolved.

Ang. Are you? ——— Why then ſo am I, and let the *Mandarin* look to't.

Sir *Tim.* What a prodigious thing is the Education of an *Engliſh* Damſel!

Ang. aſide] How fantaſtical is the Difference between an old Fellow's Judgment, and a young Wench's Inclinations! ——— Od! I have a good Mind to ſpeak out.

To Sir Tim.] I muſt marry him then, you ſay?

Sir *Tim.* Poſitively.

Ang. Well, I ſhall make ———

Sir *Tim.* A good Wife, I hope, Genelewoman.

Ang. No ——— but what's all one, ſuch a ſcurvy, abominable, whimſical, coxcomical, miſerable, oddiſh, exemplary kind of a Husband of him, that the moſt potent Cham of *Tartary*, that you us'd to tell us of ſo, ſhan't ſhow his Fellow among all the merry Men in his Country ——— and ſo I am reſolv'd I'll tell him the firſt time I ſee him.

[*Exit* Angelica.

Sir *Tim.* Well! ——— Incontinently this is a moſt flagitious Age ——— nothing but Diſobedience, Impudence, Debauchery, Biting, and all kind of Wickedneſs ——but no matter; ——I will comfort my ſelf after the manner of the ſage Philoſopher *Tychung*, who liv'd Fifteen Thouſand Seven Hundred and Fourteen Years Two Months and Three Days ago, and let the World rub ——— I will ſend forthwith to my Correſpondent at *Canton* for a new Pagode ——— I will marry my Daughter to the young Man I have provided for her ——— and after that I will incontinently eſpouſe the moſt amiable *Mariana*, and engender a Male Off-ſpring, who ſhall drink nothing but the Divine Liquor Tea, and eat nothing but Oriental Rice, and be brought up after

the Inſtitutions of the moſt excellent *Confucius*. ——— And I will moreover in the mean time divert the melancholy Faculties of my Mind in beholding the Diverſions of this numerical *Croydon* Fair ——— I will behold the moſt noble Exerciſe of Dancing on the Ropes ——— I have beheld it with Delight in the flouriſhing Empire of *China*, I will behold it here again. ——— But lo! here are of the Frequenters of this Place ——— they ſeem *Lipeus*, or Men of Rank ——— I will ſalute them according to the manner of the moſt glorious and wiſe City of *Peking*.

Enter Pinch, *and* Scribbleſcrabble.

Sir Timothy *ſalutes 'em after the* Chineſe *manner*.

Pinch. Come along, my little *Scribbleſcrable*, ——— we ſhall find the Ladies ſomewhere hereabouts ——— Hey! Who have we here! What, are you the Man with the Wax-works?

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho*, Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*. [*Aſide*.

Sir *Tim*. Young Gentleman, may the Garden of your Graces be ever flouriſhing ——— but I delight not in Wax-works.

Pinch. What then, the *Vigo* Plate?

Sir *Tim*. I am ignorant of your Intentions.

Scrib. Huſht! Squire, Squire *Pinch!* [*Aſide*.

Pinch. Oh ho! What, you're the Man that bought the right *Italian* Fairy that was born at *Hampſtead?*

Sir *Tim*. I am a *Mandarin* of this Neighbourhood, and deligh in a new Manſion.

Scrib. A Wo-Word w'ye. [*Aſide to* Pinch.

Pinch. Oh Pox! that's juſt at the Town's End, with Bottl'd Ale and Collard Beef over the Door; the *Suſſex*-Houſe.

Scrib. Are you me-me-mad! ——— Come away, I tell you ——— this is a poor unfortunate Gentleman that's craz'd ——— He was Mace-bearer to the Lord Chancellor of *Moſcow*, and was turn'd out of his Place for having more Wit than his Maſter ——— poor Man,

Man, happen'd not to be dull enough to be in with that Miniſtry, loſt his Place, hurt his Head, poor Man!

Pinch. Very ſtrange, Faith! Od, I'll bite him ——— I never bit a Mad-man in my Life.

Scrib. Poo, poo! ——— Come away.

Pinch. By the ſolemn Powers I will ——— Old Gentleman, your Servant.

Sir *Tim.* Moſt flouriſhing Youth, I congratulate your Arrival at the Village of *Croydon* ——— Came you from the imperial City of *London?*

Pinch. Yes, yes, we came from *London.*

Sir *Tim.* And do the moſt ingenious Imparters of Novelty afford any thing that is new?

Pinch. There's comical News, Faith, in the *Flying-Poſt* ——— It's given out and rumour'd, that ſeveral Great Men, and *Beglerbegs* in the *Weſt-Indies*, have declar'd for the Rebels in *Hungary.*

Sir *Tim.* Sir, ſhall I tell you? I am not concern'd for any Tranſactions which are or may be in the *Weſt-Indies.* ——— Sir, you are a Stranger to me, but I deal plainly with you, I am no Friend to any thing in the *Weſt*, and am poſitively reſolv'd, Sir, never to have any thing to do with *Weſtminſter*, *Weſt-cheſter*, *Weſt Smithfield*, or the *Weſt-Indies.* No, Sir, the *Eaſt*, I think, is more properly the Concern of every good and honeſt Man. ——— You take my Meaning, Sir; and if you have any thing from the *Eaſt-Indies*, ſo Sir, for to tell you my Mind freely, I don't think there is a good moral Man on this ſide the Cape of *Good-hope.*

Scrib. By *Je-Je-Jericho* that's much!

Sir *Tim.* Always excepting ſome of the worſhipful Traders to the aforeſaid *Eaſt-Indies.*

Pinch. Why, Sir, both the Companies are concern'd in the Project, and are to furniſh ———

Sir *Tim.* Sir, let me tell you, they are a wiſe and a prudent ———.

Pinch. Bite! bite! my Dear.

Sir *Tim.* How, Sir! why? where? what? meaning whom? [*Staring.*

Pinch. What? why Bite, Old Gentleman, that's all, Bite!

Scrib. Good lack! how he looks! de-de-dear Squire, come away..

Sir *Tim.* 'Tis all falſe! 'tis impoſſible! 'tis not in Nature! Sir, you're Son of a Bitch.——— Sir, I am a *Mandarin* of the Tribunal of Juſtice ——— I am a Trader to the moſt excellent Oriental Countries——— I never was bit in my Life, nor ever will be bit, that's more, by the Majeſty of *Peking*.

Scrib. Dear Squire, have a Care, that's a very hard Stick in his Hand.

Pinch. Let me alone, you ſhall ſee I'll fun him ——— I'll fun him, I warrant you.——— Come old Gentleman, [*To Sir* Timothy.] no Harm, only a little Merriment ——— I give a Bite, and I take a Bite ——— bite me again.

Sir *Tim.* I would as ſoon commit Felony or Treaſon ——— I thank a good Conſcience, and a virtuous Education, I am none of thoſe: Go, Sir, whoever you are, you're an idle young Man ——— and your Parents ——— But I ſay no more! I would not have any Child of mine come near you ——— for oh Dear'———

[*Lifting up his Hands.*

Pinch. This is fooliſh enough, faith! this old Fellow is very helliſh and very ſtupid----What an' I warrant you you take us Biters to be ſad Dogs?

Sir *Tim.* By the Majeſty of *Peking* and ſo I do---- I take you to be worſe than Popery, Slavery, Presbitery, Rebellion, Plague, Fire, Famine, and a ſtanding Army to boot. -----What a Condition is this poor Nation in! What with Plotters in one Place, and Biters in another, and yet no Body's hang'd for either.

Pinch. What ſtrange Enemies theſe old Fools are to us Wits!------Well! 'tis a wonderful thing in Nature, but certainly there is ſuch a thing as Sympathy and Antipathy.

Sir

Sir *Tim.* I have, I thank my Stars, ſeen Governments where Immoralities of this kind were Death Death by the Law.-----There are Princes!-----The King of *Tunquin* and Emperor of *Japan*, and the Serene *Cham*! I would fain ſee a Man pretend to bite in their Courts.

Pinch. Say you me ſo? Od! wou'd I were well there ---I and a Knot of Wags that I know.

Sir *Tim.* And what would'ſt thou do before their glorious Thrones?----why they'd hang thee, hang thee up, thou wretched Puppy!

Pinch. Wou'd they ſo, old Boy! Come, I'll tell thee what, that's fair,-----I'll hold thee an even Wager that I bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*, his Royal Relations, his moſt Honourable Privy-Council, and all his Miniſters, from his Lord-Keeper to his Corn-cutter, within the Space of one Year and Six Months from the Day of the Date of theſe Preſents.

Sir *Tim.* What, his preſent Majeſty?

Pinch. Yea verily.

Sir *Tim.* The *Cham* that now reigneth?

Pinch. Cham or *Keyſar*, all one to *Peter*, i'faith.

Sir *Tim.* You lie, and you're a Raſcal.

[*Beating him round the Stage.*

Pinch. Pſhaw! nay! pooh! what's this for?-------what, I ſuppoſe if a Man pays Scot and Lot-----pray, Sir, hold, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* I'll bite you, you Dog! Bite, quotha!——Ard are you a Biter too, Sirrah? [*To* Scribbleſcrabble.

Scrib. No, no, no, as I hope to live---I am a civil peaceable Man, and a City Sollicitor.

Sir *Tim.* I ſhall put you in mind once more of his Majeſty of *China*. [*Beating him again.*

Pinch. 'Tis very well! very well indeed! If a Man may not be a little harmleſly witty-----why, Mr. *Scribbleſcrable*, help! Murder! help!

Enter Clerimont, *he interpoſes.*

Cler. How! Mr. *Pinch* ſuffering under my Uncle!--Pray, Sir, hold your Hand.

Sir *Tim*. Art thou there, Varlet! thou Enemy to *East-India* Companies! thou Villain thou!

Cler. Pray, Sir, be pacify'd.

Sir *Tim*. Sirrah! I will never be pacify'd—I thought this was one of thy wicked Companions——but I'll be reveng'd of you all——I will ſo.——Bite the *Cham* of *Tartary*! [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Scrib. Mr. *Clerimont*, here has been a dreadful Ca-Ca-Cataſtrophe; but harkye, the Squire and your Uncle didn't know one another.

Cler. That was lucky indeed! Enough! [*Aſide*. What unlucky Accident was this! Well I profeſs I am very ſorry for it. O he's a mad old Fellow——I wiſh he han't hurt your Ingenuity——I ſwear he has batter'd the Outſide of it moſt abominably.

Pinch. He has broke all my Head here, only for a Word ſpeaking. [*Half crying*. As I hope to live, I meant no more Harm!——And he has all blooded my Neckcloth here——I don't know what to do, not I.

Scrib. The Squire woud'n't be perſuaded, he wou'd bite him, and ſo the Me-Matter happen'd.

Cler. See, here are the Ladies——come, Courage——'twas a Misfortune your Wit brought upon you, and ſo the better to be endur'd.

Enter Friendly, Mariana, *and* Stale.

Pinch. I'd ha' given a Hundred Pounds out of my Pocket, this ſcurvy Bus'neſs hadn't happen'd.

Mar. What, d'ye turn away from me? Unkind Mr *Pinch*!

Pinch. A little out of Order, Madam, that's all——

Cler. Oh, he has had a misfortune

Mar. You fright me to Death! The matter?

Cler. Only a Rencounter, a Drubbing or ſo! Hark, I'll tell you. [*Whiſper*.

Pinch. Dear Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble*, look in my Face——How do I look? ſadly! ha!

Scrib. Truly that Blow upon your Forehead has diſcompos'd your Phiſiognomy ſtrangely.

Pinch. What, ruful! diſmal!

Scrib.

Scrib. But ſtep aſide here, and we'll get ſome Water and a Patch, and furbiſh up your Countenance again as well as ever.

Pinch. Will you be ſo kind? I ſhall acknowledge the Favour the longeſt Day I have to live.

[*Exeunt* Pinch *and* Scribbleſcabble.

Mar. Thus it happens, between too much Wit and too little Valour.

Friend. The poor Corpſe indeed has a damn'd time on't that's match'd with a pert Underſtanding, and frequently ſuffers for keeping bad Company.

Stale. Well, for my part I have deduc'd it from a long Concatenation of Obſervations, that nothing but ſuch extravagant Accidents attend upon the Converſations of thoſe Impertinents they call Wits.—— Mr. *Friendly*, I will beg one thing of you-- -not that I pretend to any Influence; but People in my Circumſtances do commonly ask one thing,----my Circumſtances! *Eh! Mon Cœur!* what Indiſcretion! My Dear, you'll pardon me?

Mar. Oh dear Madam, why this Reſerve among Friends? You know Mr. *Clerimont* and I are of your Party. --Come, out with your Requeſt.---All your Lovers have ſome little fond Requeſt or other to make before Matrimony.

Cler. Yes, yes,---as not to chaw Tobacco, to ſhift in your own Dreſſing-Room- -- to have a Convenience apart, or----

Mar. O filthy! O abominable! no, no, none of theſe--- but whatever it be, I'll engage Mr. *Friendly* ſhall make it good.

Friend. Your moſt obedient humble Servant.

Stale. Well, Mr. *Friendly*, 'tis only this: That, for my ſake, you wou'd never bite any Perſon, of any Sex, Age, or Condition in the World; but that, above all, you wou'd forbear your devoted and moſt engag'd Friend and Servant.

Friend. Forbear you, dear Madam? the moſt reaſonable Requeſt that was ever made in the World.

Stale. Not that I wou'd have you miſunderſtand me neither, dear Mr. *Friendly*.

Friend. If any Preſumption of mine has given your Ladyſhip occaſion to think——

Stale. Oh fy! no, Mr. *Friendly.*

Friend. I do here ſolemnly ſwear and declare, in the Face of the World, that from the Day of the Date of theſe Preſents I will moſt ſincerely refrain, abſtain and forbear——

Stale. Piſh! why this is'nt it, this is'nt what I mean, this isn't what I'd be at.

Friend. From any matter or thing whatſoever that has the Honour, in any manner, to appertain or belong to your Ladyſhip.

Mar. Was ever any thing ſo inſufferably ill-natur'd? to miſtake a poor Woman ſo aukwardly, and turn her plain meaning ſo quite contrary to her Inclination.

Clar. But if it paſſes ſo, I am miſtaken.

Stale. Why I tell you, and tell you again, you take me wrong, Mr. *Friendly.*

Friend. Madam, I woud'n't preſume to take you at all——

Stale. Shoo! how fooliſh this is in you, Mr. *Friendly*! this Rallery is very *mal à propos*, Mr. *Friendly*.----I'll vow if you perſiſt in it, Mr. *Friendly*, you'll make me extreamly angry with you.

Mar. Dear Madam, what's the matter?

Stale. A fooliſh *double entendre*, my Dear.

Mar. You're diſcompos'd.

Stale. I'm always ſo with a *double entendre*; a *double entendre* always diſcompoſes me, eſpecially when they will mean it the wrong way, in ſpight of all one does to take it the right.

Mar. Nay, then there's ſomething in it indeed----Mr. *Clerimont*, come, you muſt join with me----We'll do Mr. *Friendly* a good Office in ſpight of his Teeth; this muſt come to an *Eclarciſſement*, it may grow to a Quarrel elſe.

Stale. No, my Dear, there's no fear of that, I hope—— Let me ſmell to your *Hungary*-Water a little, Mr. *Friendly.*

Clar. Kind Creature! what a Look was there! what a Smile!

Friend.

Friend. What a Grin! like a wooden Cut of *Scoggan* before a Jeſt-Book.

Cler. Oh Brute! go to the Lady, for Shame.

Friend. Madam, you know my Forbearance was only a Mark of my Reſpect. [*Going towards her.*

Stale. Ah! you Men!---well, I ſay no more---why would you put me in this Chafe!---you know how it is with me always———I warrant you my poor Head will ſuffer for it this Two Days—— feel how it burns———

Mar. Was there ever ſuch a nauſeous Five and Fifty Fondling!———but how do I know but Age and Folly may make me ſuch a monſter?

Cler. Never, 'tis impoſſible.

Mar. How, *Clerimont*! ſhall I never grow Old?

Cler. Certainly if you live———but ſurely the Wit and Tenderneſs of my *Mariana* can never degenerate to the Folly and Fondneſs of ſuch an Ideot——To me, you muſt be always as you are, thus dear, thus agreeable, the conſtant Object of my Love.

Mar Oh, fie, fie! a marry'd Man and talk of Love! to his own Wife too!———They'll hear you, and laugh at us in their turn, if you han't a care.

Stale. But do you ſay you'll put me out of my Pain by to-morrow morning? 'Tis extreamly kind.

Friend. I have given you my Word, and you may depend upon it.

Stale. The Expedition of your Performance will make amends for every thing-——tis exceſſively kind.

Friend. Huſht! not a Word more—— *Mariana* and *Clerimont* will find Matter of Mirth out of it, and turn our Happineſs into Ridicule.

Mar. See here's ſweet Mr. *Pinch* again, as gay as if this Miſhap had never befallen him, and there were no ſuch wicked Inſtrument as a Cudgel in Nature.

Enter Pinch *and* Scribbleſcrabble.

Pinch. Madam, your moſt humble Servant. A ſcurvy kind of a fooliſh Buſineſs happen'd to happen juſt now here a little odly, Madam, but no great matter, Madam, 'tis all over now.

Mar.

Mar. I am very glad to see you look so well after it—I'll swear I think you're improv'd——that Patch has given a most agreeable turn to his Face——Your Opinion, Gentlemen.

Clar. The Patch does its Part, upon my Word—— a little o'th' biggest, or so——but else wonderfully well.

Friend. And are you as sound within as without, Sir?

Pinch. Oh to all Intents and Purposes.

Friend. And d'ye think you could bite as well as ever?

Pinch. Ask my little *Scribblescrabble* else———Didn't I bite your Cousin, as she was dressing my Head?

Scrib. None of my Cousin, Squire.

Pinch. Nay, nay, she call'd you Cousin; a fat comely Gentlewoman hard by here; at the Sign of the *Adam* and *Eve*, that sells Sawsages and Black-puddings.

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin, she's only my *Doll's* Cousin.

Pinch. Why the Woman's a good Woman———What, are you asham'd of your Kindred?

Scrib. She's none of my Cousin. [*Angrily.*

Mar. Ridiculous, we shall have 'em quarrel presently.

Clar. Come, come, no matter whose Cousin she is.

Friend. You bit her, you say.

Pinch. Bit her! ay marry did I—— and so I shou'd have serv'd all her Family, and all her Generation, if they had been here———What, han't I been at *Moscow*, *Ispahan*, *Babylon*, and so forth? Knock him down!

Scrib. What did he say she was my Cousin for? [*Grumbling.*

Mar. To set aside this foolish Dispute, pray shew me the biting Song, which you said was set to Musick.

Pinch. Here it is, and it is in the Nature of a Dialogue, and if your Ladyship will do me the Honour to bear a Bob with me, as I may so say, we'll perform it before all the Co pany.

Mar. To oblige you, Sir, I'll do my best.

A Dialogue.

Thyrſis. IRIS, *I have long, in vain,*
Been your Slave, and wore your Clog;
'Tis but juſt I ſhou'd complain,
Since you uſe me like a Dog.

Iris. *Faithful Lovers are but few;*
Cou'd I truſt, I wou'd truſt you:
Of all your Sex I am afraid,
And therefore vow to die a Maid.

Thyrſis. *Die a Maid! So young, ſo pretty!*
I'll be true, by all that's good:
Die a Maid! I'll ſwear 'tis pity.

Iris. *Bite!* Thyrſis, *did you think I wou'd?*

But ſince you will be mine alone,
Here kiſs the Book and ſwear:
The Wedding Ring ſhall make us one.

Thyrſis. *Bite!* Iris, *now I think all's fair,*

Chorus. *Bite!* Thyrſis, *now I think all's fair,*
And well we may agree,
Since thus we love upon the Square,
And Biters both are we.

Cler. Rarely perform'd, upon my Word------Mr. *Pinch* has his Gifts----what ſay you, Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble*?

Scrib. Mighty well indeed, Sir---- --the Squire is a fine Gentleman, that's the truth on't---but let him be never ſo well vers'd in the Arts and Sciences, he ought not to reflect upon the Family of the *Scribbleſcrabbles*.

Cler.

Clar. Oh no more of that-----

Scrib. What if I did marry Mrs. *Dorothy Pattypan*, the Paſtry-Cook's Daughter, I didn't marry all her Scoundrel Conſanguinity, I hope; no, I diſclaim 'em, I make her and them to know themſelves, I keep 'em under, I----

Enter Bandileer *drunk, and Mrs.* Scribbleſcrabble.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Nay, dear Couſin *Barnaby*, where wou'd you haul one------I'll ſwear I have eat ſo much Gooſe, and drank ſo much Sack, that I am almoſt in a Quandary------Hiccup------good lack! how I have got the Hiccocks; well, I won't drink a drop more, profeſs now.

Band. Look ye, take no care of that, I'll carry you to a Friend of mine, d'ye ſee, and there we'll have a Cup of rare *Juniper*, cure your Hiccup, I warrant you------Nothing but a cold Stomach, Couſin.

Stale. In the Name of Aſtoniſhment, what may theſe be, Child?

Mar. Ha! as I live, Mrs. *Dorothy Scribbleſcrabble* in her own proper Perſon.

Stale. What, not our little Man of Law's Conſort?

Mar. The very ſelf-ſame, as I'm virtuous------She's half boofie too----oh ruful!

Band. Dear Couſin, let me buſs you------I love you mightily. [*Kiſſes her.*

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh gemini!---Hiccup---What makes you ſo rude------Hiccup---don't ye ſeeall the Gentry here---for Shame---Hiccup---If our little *Simon* ſhou'd hear of this now----Hiccup----

Scrib. Ha! how! mercy upon me! what's this I ſee! [*Turning about, and ſeeing his Wife.*

Mar. Now for the *Denoüement* of the Piece.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Oh law!---I am ruinated and undone---there is my own Husband.

Scrib. Is your Name *Dorothy*? ha!---Anſwer me that.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Yes---Hiccup.

Scrib. What is the reaſon that you ſet at nought my Superiority and Authority, and d-de-dare to come hither without my leave? Anſwer me quickly---Come! what ſay---ha?

Mrs. *Scrib.*

Mrs. *Scrib.* Nay, dear *Simmy*, don't be angry. I only came to——Hiccup——bear my Couſin *Bandileer* Company——I wou'dn't, for all the Varſal World, have come, Hiccup——but that you know I love Sack——Hiccup——and Walnuts mightily——Hiccup.

Scrib. Cuc-cu-Couſin me no Couſins——who am I? Anſwer me that quickly——who am I? ha!

Band. Look ye, I'll ſtand by my Couſin. She's my own Couſin, tho' I am but a private Gentleman Soldier, whereof what argues that——my Name's *Barnaby Bandileer*.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Well, well, I know who you are well enough, you are my Hony——Hiccup——but 'tis very hard if one muſt not——Hiccup——or go a little abroad with a——Hiccup——Relation, or ſo——Hiccup.

Scrib. Go! you're a Queen.

Mar. Oh fie, Mr. *Scribbſcrabble*! what! this to the Wife of your Boſom!

Scrib. You're a Carrion! I'm engag'd! and Chaſtiſement will enſue.

Stale. How? you little Brutal you——My Dear, my Dear, [*To* Mariana.

for the Honour of the Sex let us never ſuffer the poor Woman to be inſulted before our Faces——Sure any Two of our Gender are ſufficient, or of the *Quorum*, as they ſay, to keep a Husband in Order.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Ah dear Ladies, 'tis your——Hiccup——Goodneſs——but 'tis an unknown thing, the Life that I——Hiccup——lead with him every Day.

Mar. Look ye if ſhe doesn't weep, poor tender-hearted Creature!—Come, for my ſake, you muſt not make a Quarrel of it——What? 'twas but an innocent Frolick.

Scrib. Ha! I don't love Frolicks——

Mrs. *Scrib.* *Simmy*, dear *Simmy*, don't toſs and fling, and——Hiccup——and ding up and down ſo——you'll break my Heart——Hiccup——

Scrib. Go thou fe-fe-fe-fe-fe-faſe *Dorothy*——Elope, be gone—go to your Gallant, go——

Mrs. *Scrib.*

Mrs. Scrib. Oh law!——Hiccup——this is very bitter! [*Sobbing and Crying.*
I have had ſeven Children, beſides Four Miſcarriages, and very hard Times of 'em all, by him, and to be us'd thus ——this is very hard.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, I don't well know what to make of all this——I am amaz'd, or ſo, 'tis true—but ſhe's my own Couſin——I lodge in *Vinegar-Yard*——every Body knows me——I only came for the Diverſion of an Interlude, or ſo——Do you know anything of this matter, Sir? [*To* Pinch.

Pinch. Fooliſh enough, Faith!——why really I don't know what to ſay to theſe odd kind of Circumſtances; but pray may I crave your Name, Sir.

Band. Sir, my Name's *Barnaby*.

Pinch. Your Chriſten Name, I mean.

Band. Oh Sir, your Servant, Sir; *Bandileer*, Sir.

Pinch. What, is *Bandileer* your Chriſten Name?

Band. Sir, I don't know what you mean; but I'm half Seas over——

Pinch. Very merry upon my Word, (Mr. *Bandileer's* woful drunk) [*Aſide.*
Oh you're very ſober——you've hardly wet your Lips to Day.

Band. Say you ſo, Sir?

Pinch. Bite!

Band. How's that, Sir? Hey day! what, d'ye get behind me?——Look ye, Gentlemen, I take you to be my Friends.

Pinch. Knock him down.

[*Standing behind* Band. *and making a very great Noiſe.*

Band. How, Sir! Dam ye, Sir, that won't paſs neither, Sir.

Friend. Oh no harm, no harm, good Mr. *Bandileer*——you muſt not be angry—— the Gentleman means only Merriment——He's an arch Wag, if you did but know him.

Band. Look ye, Gentlemen, if that be all, the Gentleman

man is a Stranger to me, and perhaps I may be a Stranger to him; but however I'll venture a Teſter or two at All-Fours with him, if he's ſo far forth diſpos'd.

Mrs. *Scrib.* Look, if you han't chaft up and down 'till you ſweat like any Bull——— Come, wipe your own dear ſour frowzy Face with your own *Doll*'s Handkerchief——Hiccup ———

Scrib. Aa! —— did I think you wou'd ha' ſerv'd me ſo! —— Go —— you're a hiccupping Beaſt —— I've a good mind to ſend you home to the Family of the *Patipans*, I have ſo, you en-n-n-enormous Cockatrice.

Ban. Look ye, I brought my Couſin out —— I took her up, as they ſay, and ſo, d'ye ſee, I'll ſet her down again.

Cler. Theſe Fools begin to be troubleſom, we muſt get rid of 'em.—— Ha! here's *Clever* too come with Intelligence from my Uncle.

Enter Mrs. Clever.

I ſee there's Succeſs in your Face, I dare ſwear the Deſign thrives.

Clev. Admirably —— the Plot is as juſt as that in a Critick's Play, the Parts are all ready, and we are to begin within this Half Hour; but I hold it convenient to diſperſe this impertinent Audience firſt, that we may rehearſe in private.

Mar. You have no farther Occaſion for my biting Lover?

Clev. He may diſpoſe of his Perſon how he pleaſes—we ſhall hardly find him of any further Conſequence.

Mar. I'll pin him to Madam *Scribbleſcrabble* and her bouzy Gallant, and turn 'em adrift together.———But what ſhall we do with my dear Friend *Stale*?

Clev. Let me alone with her.——Engage Mr. *Friendly* to trip off with the firſt Opportunity, and leave the reſt to my Management. [*To* Clerimont.

Cler. You won't be ſo unmerciful to turn her looſe after him?

Clev. I muſt confeſs, running away is not the beſt Proof

Proof a young Fellow can give of his Courage; but for the present Occasion tell him 'tis necessary for the Swain to fly, and the Nymph to pursue.——
Let him leave Word with his Man where we may hear of him.

Mar. Well, I vow, Mr. *Pinch*, you'll engage me extreamly by this piece of Service, [*To* Pinch *aside.* ——This little impertinent Lawyer has a bus'ness of Consequence to look after for me here in Town, and this unfortunate Affair of his Wife does so exasperate his Choler, that he'll not think of it 'till we get her out of the way.

Pinch. Where shall I attend your Ladyship?

Mar. Any where here in the Town.

Pinch. At the *Greyhound?*

Mar. As proper as any, where we'll be all with you immediately, and divert our selves at the Expence of the Family of the *Scribblescrabbles.*

Pinch. We'll laugh immoderately——Does your Ladyship know what Fun is?

Mar. No——but it's no matter for that.

Pinch. No, as you say, Madam, it's no matter for that; but I'll shew you such Sport, such Fun,—— I'll bite Mr. *Dunstilver.*—— Look ye, Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, we'll have no more Words of this matter, your Lady is a virtuous Person, and a good Wife, she has born you many Children, but we have all our Failings.

Scrib. Ah!——name her not, dear Squire——

Mar. Mr. *Scribblescrabble*, let me advise you in this Adventure—— I have engag'd Mr. *Pinch* to serve you in it—— [*To* Scribblescrabble *aside.* You may trust your Wife with him, and all will be well.

Scrib. Ah de-de-dear Madam, the Squire's a Gentleman——it wou'dn't grieve one to trust ones Wife with a Gentleman.

Mar. They're but just going hard by, we'll follow 'em presently.

Scrib.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have an Eye to *Be-Be-Be-Barnaby Bandileer*: my Heart miſgives me plaguily.
[*Aſide to* Pinch.

Pinch. Bite! D'ye think I don't know what to do? Trouble not your ſelf.——Mr. *Bandileer's* very much in Dirink — but no matter for that, he'll bite ſo much the better.——
Hum——hum——You were a ſaying, Sir, [*To* Bandileer your Name was *Barnaby*.

Band. Yes, Sir; no Offence, I hope.

Pinch. Oh none at all, ſo much the better; I love *Barnaby* of all Names, I was born on a *Barnaby-bright* in the morning. I have ſeen you ſomewhere or other, for certain.

Band. I uſe the *Cat* and *Fiddle*, moſt an End, Sir.

Pinch. In *Drury-Lane*? Ay there it was, if I am not mightily miſtaken, I have bit a Corporal that belong'd to your Company, a very merry Fellow, but I have forgot his Name.

Band. Kit Cunnyborrow belike.

Pinch. The very ſame.——Look ye, you and I, and ——Hark ye, Madam, [*To Mrs.* Scribble. You and I and your Couſin here, we'll ſteal off, and have one healing Quart of Walnuts and Sack at the *Greyhound*,
[*Whilſt* Clever *entertains my Lady* Stale, Friendly *ſteals off.*

Band. I muſt needs ſay you're a very civil Gentleman, Sir, and if you'll ſo far demeanor your ſelf, Sir,——Look ye, Sir, if my Couſin be willing——I came with my Couſin, Sir, and I'll go with my Couſin, Sir, I'll ſtand and fall with my Couſin, Sir.

Mrs. *Scrib.* I'm ſure you behave your ſelf ſo like a Gentleman, that——hiccup——But if my *Simon* ſhould take a new Vagary——oh dear——hiccup——

Pinch. Oh never fear that——The Ladies have undertaken to bambouzle him——they'll make him know his Duty, and beg your Pardon——now!——now take your time and ſteal off——take care of your Couſin, *Mr. Bandileer.*
Mrs. *Scrib.*

Mrs. Scrib. Oh dear, my Hiccocks is very bad.

Ban. Look ye, I'll ſtand and fall, that's my Word.

[*Exeunt* Pinch, Bandileer, *and Mrs.* Scribble.

Scrib. How! ha! what! Gone again! —— Squire, Squire!

Mar. Huſht! be quiet, come hither.

Scrib. Squire, dear Squire, have a care of *Be-Be-Barnaby*.

Mar. Did n't I tell you this was the only way to get rid of your Wife's Relation?

Scrib. I acquieſce, Madam, I acquieſce.

Clev. Have a little Patience, Madam, and I'll ſet every thing in Order. [*Adjuſting Lady* Stale's *Head.* I know your Ladyſhip uſes to be the niceſt Creature in the World in theſe Matters. —— In the Name of Wonder, who cou'd it be that dreſs'd you to-Day?

Stale. Oh I cou'd n't bear any aukward body's Fiſts about me —— I can't tolerate any thing but my own Woman —— don't you know my Woman!

Clev. Oh dear, yes, Madam, Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle.*

Stale. 'Tis the carefulleſt Creature; ſhe has liv'd with me ever ſince the Reſtoration, and never adminiſter'd a wrong thing to me, or ſtuck a Pin amiſs, in all the time.

Clev. The Reſtoration! That's a long time indeed. — Your Ladyſhip's Maid-Servants I believe are much more conſtant than your Men.

Stale. The Reſtoration did I ſay? the Reſtoration? My Memory! what a thing is my Memory! I meant your other Publick Buſineſs that has happen'd here.

Clev. The Revolution?

Stale. Ay, that, that, —— I take ſo little Notice of your Publick News! —— But, as I was ſaying, ſhe's the heedfulleſt Perſon in any thing that relates to my Perſon.

Clev. I wonder ſhe ſhou'd put ſo little Powder in your Hair; I ſwear one might ſee it look quite grey, —— indeed that was a Fault in Mrs. *Fiddlefaddle.*

Stale.

Stale. Huſht! dear *Clever*, I wou'd n't have *Friendly* hear you for all the World.

Clev. Oh no Danger.

Stale. Not but that mine was a meer Misfortune—— The *Iriſh* Fright at that ſame Revolution put me into Fits, and frighted my poor Hair grey all o' the ſudden. —— Beſides, *Mariana* here knows my Relations, we are all grey Ten Years ſooner than other People. I come of a grey Family; don't I, my Dear? but then I wou'd n't have Mr. *Friendly* for many Reaſons think me in Years, I know he deſigns having an Heir to his Family, nd——

Mar. But dear Madam, why do you put your ſelf in pain for his hearing us? I thought he had left the Company by your Order.

Stale. How left! whom, Child? What, is Mr. *Friendly* gone!

Clev. Gone! Did n't you ſee him? I'll ſwear I thought you had put him upon that pleaſant piece of Gallantry.

Stale. Gallantry! oh perfidious! can it be poſſible! dear *Clever* explain your ſelf, or I'll vow you'll put me into the Hiſteriques.

Clev. Nay indeed I thought it look'd a little odd for Mr. *Friendly* to abandon a Lady in your Ladyſhip's Circumſtances, for a couple of the trapiſheſt Creatures I ever ſaw in Masks, ſo miſerably rigg'd, with dy'd Linings and tatter'd Furbelows.

Stale. The little nafty inconſiderable Huſſys! but, dear Child, tell me, did he ſeem fond?

Mar. Very good! now for my ſhare of the Lie, [*Aſide.* Exceſſively loving; nay, they were but too well acquainted, that's certain —— I heard 'em call him by his Name —— Are not you a dear Dog, ſays one of 'em; What, my little *Jemmy*, quo' he! and immediately whipp'd one Arm about one, and t'other about t'other, and away they ſcuttled together ſo familiarly I warrant you.

Stale. Which way are they gone?

Mar. That way, Madam: but it may be nothing but an innocent Frolick.

Stale.

Stale. A Frolick, my Dear? Ah the Devil take such Frolicks, I ſay. You don't know what a Concern I am in; he has put me off, with a Pretence of his catching Misfortunes (as he calls 'em) by theſe common Sluts, theſe Twenty times already; and if he ſhould catch another Misfortune we cannot be marry'd till he's well again, and that will be a Month, or Three Weaks at leaſt; beſides, Surgeons are ſo unskilful, and ſuch Knaves, and I am ſo fearful of thoſe Matters my ſelf. ——— Well Dear, my Dears, forgive me.

[*Exit Lady* Stale.

Mar. Oh by all means, my Dear. ——— Ha, ha, ha! ——— What a terrible Fright my dear Friend was in, under the Apprehenſion of a Diſappointment.

Clev. I muſt own I have ill Nature enough to rejoice exceedingly at her Ladyſhip's Vexation; ſhe has been a ſtanding Incumbrance upon poor *Friendly*'s Pleaſures for theſe Two Years, ſhe has watch'd him with as much Jealouſie and Perverſeneſs as a barren Wife.

Clev. And has been as uneaſie to him as a barren Wife's Mother, and as provoking every way ----- But let her be forgotten, as ſhe ought to be, and think of your own Matters----- I have juſt now left your Uncle.

Mar. Very much in Love, I hope.

Clev. That is, juſt as much a Fool as you found him.

Clev. To a Tittle; he's ſtark mad; Love and *Peking*, that is, your Ladyſhip and the Emperor of *China*, have turn'd his Brains ----- He has made a *Chineſe* Song upon you, and I left him ſinging it to an Oriental Kettle-Drum, as he calls it. Next to the great *Cham* and *Mariana*, I believe I have an Intereſt in him.

Mar. I ſuppoſe you have been promiſing largely in my Name, what I am never to perform.

Clev. Nay that depends upon you; a little Love, Child, that's all.

Mar. Well, he ſhall have all I can ſpare.

Clev. And I dare ſwear that's more than enough for his Oriental Occaſions.

Clev.

Clev. But I ſuppoſe you dealt with him as in the way of Trade —— what Return for all this?

Clev. The Return an old Man uſually makes.

Mar. Ay marry, and what's that?

Clev. To do all he can for you ——— and no more.

Cler. Very fair, I think.

Mar. I'll put him to it, I promiſe you.

Clev. I told him you had reſolv'd upon parting with ſome of your Fortune to a poor Relation of yours, and that you requir'd him to join with you in that Settlement as a Mark of his Love, without further Enquiry, and then you would be his as far as poſſible.

Cler. Well, and what Anſwer to that?

Clev. Oh he was all Rapture! conſented to it, and ſwore immediately by half a Dozen *Chineſe* Saints, with deviliſh hard Names, that he wiſh'd he could make your Relation Viceroy of *Eaſtern Tartary*.

Mar. Oh my Relation ſhall thank him; I wiſh he may be as fond of him when they come to be better acquainted.

Cler. That I doubt of.

Clev. He expects you immediately; as we go I'll inſtruct Mr. *Clerimont* how to diſpoſe of himſelf. —— Are your Deeds ready?

Cler. Have you done as you were order'd in that matter, Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble?*

Scrib. Yes, Sir, the Deeds are ready. [*Sighing.*

Clev. The Deeds are ready! —— What doleful Voice is that? Can that be Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble!* Is it poſſible, the gay, the witty, the gallant Mr. *Scribbleſcrabble?*

Scrib. Ah good lack! my *De-De-Doll*'s falſe —— perhaps you don't know that.

Clev. Falſe! is that all? A Trifle —— be falſe again, be as falſe to her as ſhe can be to you for the Life of her —— Give her as good as ſhe brings.

Mar. Nay, I told him 'twas below the Character of a fine Gentleman, and a Man of the Town, as he is, to diſ-

diſcompoſe his Noble Soul for any thing a Wife can do or ſay.

Clar. No, no, he has forgot it, or will do it in a very little while longer. —— Indifference is the Word, and *Madam Scribbleſcrabble* may diſpoſe of her Perſon as ſhe thinks fit.

Scrib. Nay, I had n't ſo much cared for it, had n't it been for that Son of a Whore, that *Be-Be-Barnaby Bandiſter.*

Clev. Care for it! ——— Nay, if you once come to care for your Wife, farewell Gallantry, —— why you'll be Company for no Body but Haberdaſhers, Tinmen, Trunk-makers, and ſuch comical kind of People.

Scrib. Nay, I always had a Spirit above theſe pe-pe-paultry Matters too —— I de-de-don't know how I came to marry the Jade, unleſs it were for Form ſake, or out of Cu-Cu-Cuſtom, as they ſay.

Mar. No! —— And tho' you fancy you are vex'd at her now, I fancy 'tis only for Form's ſake, and out of Cuſtom, as you ſay —— Come, come along with us, and think of the Hundred Guineas you're to get of Mr. *Friendly*, ——— why 'twill buy you Claret and Mirth enough to make you actually believe you are a Widower.

[*Exeunt.*

A SONG.

I.

SILLY Swain, give o'er thy wooing,
Sighing, gazing, kiſſing, cooing,
All is very fooliſh doing.

II.

All that follows after Kiſſes,
The very beſt, the Bliſs of Bliſſes,
Is as dull a Joy as this is.

III. *Prove*

III.

Prove the Nymph, and taſte her Treaſure,
Tell me then, when full of Pleaſure,
What dull thing thou can'ſt diſcover,
Duller than a happy Lover.

Silly, ſilly Swain give over, *&c.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *Sir* Timothy Tallapoy's *Houſe.*

Enter Angelica, Mariana, *and Mrs.* Clever.

Ang. WELL, Madam, don't you think my Father now one of the ſtrangeſt Old Gentlemen that ever you ſaw with your Eyes? Oh gemini! I wou'd n't marry ſuch a ſtrange ſort of an Old Fellow for all the World.

Clev. No, nor ſhe neither, Child, notwithſtanding all the violent Proteſtations of good Will ſhe made him but now.

Mar. I ſwear I think there is ſomething very agreeable and entertaining in Sir *Timothy*'s Humour.

Clev. Nay, indeed all the Ill that you can ſay of him is, that he's an old Man, and for my part I think all Old Men are alike.

Ang. Oh dear, in what, Madam?

Clev. In being good for nothing, Madam.

Ang. Oh dear! I don't think ſo. I fancy I could like ſome ſort of Old Men ſtrangely, they're ſo civil and

complaisant, and so neat, and so clean, and shav'd so close, I warrant ye.

Mar. Should you like Mr. *Friendly* if he were Old, Madam?

Aug. As for Mr. *Friendly* indeed, Madam, he's a kind of a perfect Stranger to me, so that I don't know what Judgment to make of his Temper or Inclinations; he may be a very good sort of a Man for ought I know, not but that I can't help thinking Mr. *Friendly* has some Humours may make a Woman very uneasie, when she is———

Clev. Not so absolute a Stranger to him as you are: [*Smiling.*] Are not you a little Hypocrite? Hark ye; [*Hitting her with her Fan.*

Do you intend to be marry'd to-Night to a Man that you are such an absolute Stranger to?

Aug. Oh la! I wonder what makes you talk so——— who could put such a thing into your Head?

Clev. He that put it into yours, *Friendly*.

Aug. I'll swear he gives himself a strange Liberty of talking.

Mar. None but what you'll forgive him for, I dare swear.

Clev. He fancy'd, if he did n't tell, you wou'd.

Aug. Well, I wonder at his Confidence.

Mar. For being before-hand with you. Really Love Matters are come to be manag'd after a very fantastical manner, and all the Care is now, not who shall keep the Secret best, but who shall tell first.

Aug. I'll vow I have a good Mind not to have him, he's such a meer blab.

Mar. That would be all wrong, as they say, Madam, to fall out with him, and be reveng'd upon your self.

Clev. She'll consider better of it, never fear.

Mar. Well, but dear Madam, we are of your Party, and I hope you take us to be so much your Friends as to deserve your Confidence——— You know we have no other Design upon Sir *Timothy*, but in order to bring this

this Buſineſs, between Mr. *Friendly* and you, to a happy Concluſion.

Ang. Nay, really, I muſt needs ſay I have been infinitely oblig'd to you, dear Madam ——— And indeed my Father is ſuch a ſtrange kind of a Man, that I don't care what riſque I run to get out of his Clutches. Well, but you know Mr. *Friendly*, Madam. [*To* Mariana.

Mar. A little, Madam; not ſo well as you do, I fancy.

Ang. Oh dear, yes to be ſure you do, and a great deal better too; but do you think he'll make a good Huſband? I believe he's a ſtrange wild young Fellow; really a Woman runs a ſtrange Hazard with theſe wild young Fellows.

Mar. All Gameſters that play deep, and puſh for a Fortune, run Hazards, and for my part I am always for riſquing with a wild Fellow rather than a tame one—— beſides, were he never ſo wild, Matrimony will make him bate of his ſpeed, as they ſay that have try'd it.

Ang. I'll vow I have heard he drinks a World of Claret.

Clev. And you fancy that will make him ſo flecy——

Ang. If I don't wonder what you can mean by that ——— Well, Mrs. *Clever*, you are the malicioueſt Creature, you are always a teizing one; but I am reſolv'd I'll be reveng'd of you at Night, when we are a-bed together.

Clev. A-bed together! for Shame! why your wou'd n't abandon your Bridegroom for me?

Ang. Nay, Mrs. *Clever*, you know when you lye here you always uſe to be my Bed-fellow, and you ſhan't be put out of your Bed for any Body, I'm reſolv'd you ſhall lye with me, and we'll lye awake and talk all Night long—— Nay, I'm reſolv'd I'll pinch you if you won't lye awake and talk to me.

Clev. No, no, you know I'm the ſleepieſt Creature in the World:——— You had better pinch *Friendly*, if he won't lye awake, and —— talk to you.

Ang. I'll ſwear I have a good Mind to ſtop your Mouth ——— I think the Woman's mad to talk ſo —— Oh gemini!

Mar. Methinks Sir *Timothy* ſtays very long —— didn't he promiſe to follow us immediately?

Ang. He's a teaching the Servants to Dance, as they do before the Emperor of *China*.

Mar. I wiſh he would diſpatch the Buſineſs we want to have done, and go on with his *Tartarian Ballet* afterwards.

Ang. Shall I go and tell him you want to ſpeak with him, Madam?

Mar. If you pleaſe, Madam.

Ang. He'll leave the Cham of *Tartary* himſelf to wait upon you. [*Going.*

Dear Mrs. *Clever*, if you ſhould happen to ſee Mr. *Friendly*, I charge you don't tell him we [*Coming back.*

have been talking of him ——— We ſhall have him ſo vain, and in his Airs, I warrant you.

Clev. No, no, you ſhall have the Pleaſure of betraying the Secret, and telling him all your ſelf —— but pray make haſte and diſpatch your Embaſſy.

Ang. I'll be here again in a Minute.

[*Exit* Angelica.

Clev. Well, what think you of Mrs. *Friendly* that is to be?

Mar. She's in a moſt violent twitter.

Clev. As all young Ladies of her Age are at the Approach of Matrimony.

Mar. She's ſo out of Breath, and ſo merry, and ſo grave, and ſo glad, and ſo ſmirking, and ſo ſmiling.

Clev. And doesn't know whether ſhe goes upon her Head or her Heels.

Mar. Love! Love! my Dear! you know this Love is the Devil ——— Ha! pray look this way, [*Looking out.* is not that the moſt ſerene, and moſt amiable Mr. *Pinch* that's coming into the Court?

Clev.

Clev. 'Tis he; there are certain fooliſh Appurtenances belonging to his Face and Perſon, which no one elſe can pretend to —— but I think we are ready for him, and ſo let him come as ſoon as he pleaſes.

Mar. I wou'd n't have him ſee me.

Clev. No, we'll go look upon your Oriental Lover's Preparations for your Entertainment. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pinch *and a Servant.*

Ser. If it ſhall ſeem agreeable to you to repoſe you moſt worſhipful Perſon in this Place, I will notifie your Arrival to Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, Knight and *Mandarin* of the Seventh Order.

Pinch. 'Tis very well, Friend, notifie to your Maſter with what haſte you can conveniently, but don't diſcompoſe your ſelf, don't put your ſelf out of Order.

[*Exit Servant.*

Very fooliſh, 'Faith. If the reſt of my Father-in-Law's Family be of a piece with this Fellow, I ſhall have a good merry time on't among 'em —— to be the only Wit in the Family —— I don't know, it may be well enough —— 'tis better biting than being bit, certainly —— Who'd have thought that ſly Devil, that Mrs *Mariana*, ſhou'd have had it in her to put ſuch a practical Bite upon one —— It coſt me Two Hours in Time, beſide Eight and a Penny in Monies number'd to ſtay for her, and ſhe never come at laſt. —— Very pretty Manners truly —— I ſmoak ſomewhat between that ſame *Clerimont* and her; but no matter, Bite's the Word. I ſhall be even with her before to-morrow Morning —— I believe, if I play'd one, I play'd Forty Games at All-Fours and Shovel-Board with Mr. *Bandileer* —— Poor Fellow, he was bloodily in for it at laſt —— 'Tis true, indeed, he drank a World of *Geneva* —— but his Couſin will take Care of him —— She's a diſcreet Woman truly in the main, I believe —— ſhe held his Head ſo kindly when he grew a little ſickiſh —— Ha! ha! 'tis he!

Enter Sir Timothy Tallapoy.

The Lord Chancellor of *Moſcow*'s mad Mace-bearer!——How the Devil ſhou'd he get hither!——I wou'd I were well got by him——I wonder they ſuffer him to walk about with ſuch a Stick in his Hand.

Tim. I'll conſummate this Affair with my Son-in-law *Pinch* as ſoon as may be, and I will then——Ha! how! here is that wretched Puppy that goeth up and down ſeeking whom he may bite——Is there no Place ſafe againſt biting, not even a Man's own Houſe?——You take a ſtrange Liberty, Friend, after ſome Occurrences that paſs'd between us ſo lately.

Pinch. A ſtrange Fellow this, I don't know what to do, not I——I muſt try to ſpeak him fair, I think, and ſee if one can mollifie him that way, for 'tis but a Word and a Blow with him, that I ſee clearly. [*Aſide.*

Tim. Now is this wicked Villain meditating a Bite, but by the Majeſty of *Peking*, I will confound the Evil Imagination e'er it can be brought to Perfection——Heark to me, young Man, you are one of thoſe that make themſelves merry with the moſt excellent Oriental Nations: This Manſion was not built to receive thoſe People that ſcoff at the Cham of *Tartary*.

Pinch. Oh dear Sir, far be it from me, Sir, to think it was, Sir; I can't think it was built with any ſuch knaviſh Deſign——I am ſtrangely tempted to bite him. [*Aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* I am therefore prompted to ask what Affair, or Negotiation might induce you to enter here.

Pinch. This is moſt execrably impertinent. [*Aſide.* Affair, Sir? why really I have an Affair.

Sir *Tim.* Ay! diſcuſs to me of what Nature.

Pinch. Nature, Sir? If I cou'd come to the Speech of the proper Perſon——

Sir *Tim.* Sir, I notifie to you that I am the moſt proper Perſon of any one within theſe Walls to whom you may unfold your Buſ'neſs.

Pinch. Look ye, Sir, that isn't the matter——I don't ſay but you may be very proper for ought I know, but my

my Bus'neſs at preſent lyes more properly with the Gentleman of the Houſe.

Sir *Tim.* Then I notifie to you again that it lyes with me——come, bar Biting, and begin.

Pinch. Good lack! it's much the Loſs of a Place ſhou'd do this. [*Aſide.*

Pray, Sir; no Harm, I hope; by your Leave only. [*Going by him.*

Sir *Tim.* Whither wou'd you paſs, Friend?

Pinch. Only that way a little ——— juſt in at that Door, that's all —— I ſhall meet with ſome of the Family; I won't trouble you, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Sir, I have undertaken the diſcuſſing your Buſineſs my ſelf, and 'till I have made ſome further Progreſs in it the Family ſhall not be met with, ——— No, Sir, by the moſt Potent and Serene *Cham* they ſhall not.

Pinch. Pray, Sir, let me tell you, this is very uncivil, Sir,———I don't know but I may be in haſte, and ſo forth, and may have Occaſion to ſpeak with a dear Friend that lies dangerouſly ſick in the Houſe.

Sir *Tim.* The Manſion is ſalubrious and healthy; but if it were not, may I ſuppoſe you to be a Maker up or Preparer of Medicines, or, as the *Weſtern* Language renders it, an Apothecary?

Pinch. Bite! Od I've a good Mind, —— 'twas at my Tongue's End. [*Softly aſide.*

Sir *Tim.* Ha! What is it thou pronounceſt in ſecret?

Pinch. Nothing, nothing in the Univerſe, but only that I beg the Favour of a Word or two with Sir *Timothy Tallapoy:* ——— That's all, as I hope to breath, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Prodigious! How enormouſly he varies his Fable! ——— Say on. I am he, —— tho' thou knew'ſt it before, thou biting Viper thou! I am he —— pronounce, ſay on.

Pinch. Oh dear! this is worſe and worſe! —— You he! alas! I wou'd you were but ——

Sir *Tim.* Speak, what?

Pinch. Your ſelf, Sir, that's all, only a friendly Wiſh, I wou'd you were your own Man.

Sir *Tim.* Soho! My faithful Servants, approach; —— I'll teach you to bite one of the worſhipful Oriental Traders in his own Manſion. —— Would'ſt thou infer that I am diſtracted, of a Mind not fit to negotiate? Sirrah! I have been thought fit to negotiate and drink Tea with the moſt excellent Governor of *Canton*, nay with the Viceroy, and the learned *Lipous*.

Pinch. Look ye, Friend, I don't ſay any Body's mad, but theſe are odd Circumſtances, and *Moorfields* is a good Air for People that loſe Places —— when one comes about Buſ'neſs, to be interrupted, and interrogated, and bambouzled, and not ſuffer'd to ——

Sir *Tim.* So ho! my Servants!

Enter Servants.

Pinch. Pſhaw! This is a Jeſt indeed! hey day! what's the meaning of all this? Look ye, my Name's Squire *Pinch*, I come to marry Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*'s Daughter.

Sir *Tim.* Doſt thou bite me with the Name of mine Allie! —— Seize on him, the Wretch!

[*They lay hold on him.*

Pinch. This is damn'd fooliſh, faith and troth! —— Look ye, I am Sir *Peter Pinch*'s Son and Heir, —— I am a Man of Wit and Pleaſure, I underſtand the Town, and I won't be us'd ſo, for ne'er a Mace-bearer nor a Mad-man in *Moſcow*.

Sir *Tim.* Incontinently I think thou art diſtracted thy ſelf; but it ſuffices me that I know thee to be a Biter, the Name that comprehends all kind of Villany —— Cou'd the right worſhipful and moſt ſincere, my Friend, Sir *Peter Pinch*, a Man of his moſt categorical Principles, engender a Biter! impoſſible! out, thou Impoſtor!

Pinch. So ho! what's there no body here to take one's part! Sir *Timothy Tallapoy!*

Sir *Tim.* Hold him faſt.

Enter

Enter Mariana *and Mrs.* Clever.

Clev. The Lovers will be paſt reprieving preſently ——— I left 'em mumbling over Matrimony with as much Eagerneſs, as if they were to be happy in good earneſt.

Mar. Very well; now for our Cue here—— Matters have happen'd as we cou'd have wiſh'd—

Sir *Tim.* Moſt exceeding fair, and my very good Friend, my propitious Stars have directed me to the Diſcovery of a notorious Impoſture, and your excellent Perſons come very opportunely to behold my Juſtice.

Pinch. Well, Friend, if he be never ſo much your Maſter, and the individual numerical Sir *Timothy*, I am as much the individual numerical Squire *Pinch*, as he is the individual numerical Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*.

[*To the Servants:*

Mar. I muſt confeſs he has a ſtrange deſigning kind of a Face, —— I ſhou'd be very cautious of truſting ſuch a ſort of a Man upon his bare Word.

Clev. Dear Sir *Timothy* have a Care of him, methinks I ſee Biting written in his very Forehead.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, the ſage Orientals are not eaſily bit.

Pinch. Oh Ladies, you humble Servant——— very fooliſh, faith and troth! ——— Now you ſhall ſee, Friend —— theſe Ladies know me. —— Madam, here's really a fooliſh Adventure.

Clev. What does he mean? he addreſſes his Diſcourſe to us. —— Bleſs me, I'm afraid he's diſtracted —— how he looks! For Goodneſs ſake don't come too near him. —— They ſay 'tis as bad as Poiſon to be bit by a Madman.

Sir *Tim.* It is, Madam, what we may properly call an egregious degree of Folly mixt with an egregious degree of Impudence— —'tis what the Learned in the *Weſtern* Nations call a Complication.

Pinch. Pſhaw! phoo! this is all fooling! Ladies! Madam! here are a whimſical Set of People wou'd perſuade me my Name is n't *Pinch.*

Sir *Tim.* I told your Ladyſhip what he drives at, he wou'd bite me under a wrong Name.

Mar. And pray, Sir, ——eh dear——hold him faſt, ——is your Name *Pinch*?

Pinch. Bite! Bite! Madam.

Sir *Tim.* You ſee, moſt excellent Lady, you ſee what he wou'd be at.

Mar. And do you really think, Sir, your Name is *Pinch*?

Pinch. Nay, Madam, I tell you I'm like to be us'd ſcurvily——this is all ridiculous! Speak Truth now——why as if you did n't know one! ——This is Biting indeed!

Clev. Bleſs me! my Dear! did you ever ſee this Man before?

Mar. Never with my Eyes, Madam. ——Sir *Timothy*, let me conjure you to have a care, there is certainly ſome very villainous Deſign laid againſt you, this is ſome Plot.

Pinch. What is the meaning of all this? ——Did n't I come down in the Coach with you to-Day? Mrs. *Maxima!* Madam!

Clev. The confident Wretch! He has got your Name too——Hark ye, Friend, what good does it do you now to counterfeit another Body's Name? Why you cou'd n't think but it muſt needs be found out at laſt, and then you know the Law is very ſevere in theſe Caſes.

Mar. 'Tis very probable he had his Eye upon the young Lady's Fortune.

Pinch. Why this is downright making a Fool of one: I thought you had been more a Gentlewoman.

Sir *Tim. Bobes*! Do you [*To a Servant.*
and your Fellows take care to confine him in the Cellar ——I will ſupplicate the *Mandarins* of Juſtice that Puniſh-

ment

Punishment may be inflicted according to his Demerits—Away with him.

Mar. I never saw the like in my Life.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, we live in a flagitious biting Age, and a biting Climate —— Away with him —— For my part I wish I were well turn'd of the Cape of *Good-hope.*

Pinch. Prithee be quiet, Friend —— Talk of putting one in a Cellar! Phoo! what a Jest is that? Nay I won't stir a Foot, that's flat —— Help! Murder! Ladies! Why you won't? What, will you pull one's Arm off? You'll answer all this——If ever I bite any Body again —— pray —— stay—— hear me—— [*Servants force him off.*

Mar. Upon my Word I am heartily frighten'd; he make a most terrible Noise——I believe the best way will be to get him out of the House?

Sir *Tim.* Fear nothing, Lady, I will so muzzle him.

Clev. That he can neither bite nor bellow, 'tis the best Course you can take with him.

Mar. Well, of all the disagreeable things one meets with, nothing is so shocking to me as a Biter —— You meet with nothing of this kind in *China*, Sir *Timothy.*

Sir *Tim.* 'Twou'd be Felony, without Benefit of the Clergy.

Mar. Well, they are a polite People! —— how agreeably graceful is that Habit of Sir *Timothy's*, what an Image of the *Eastern* Wisdom it gives us!

Sir *Tim* They are certainly a great People; Arts began with them —— It is thought the necessary Sciences of Eating and Drinking were discover'd some Ages among them, before they were known in *Europe.*

Clev. Concerning Beards and their Management I have heard indeed——

Sir *Tim.* The whole Oeconomy of the Beard was treated of Seven Thousand Years ago, by a learned *Chinese* Philosopher, in Fifteen Volumes. —— Ah, Madam, might I but hope for the Pleasure of seeing your Ladyship in the

the most glorious City of *Peking*. I wou'dn't come hither again to be Emperor of the *West*.

Mar. We Women are born to obey ——— Sir *Timothy* may be sure I shall follow my Husband all the World over.

Sir *Tim.* Happy! happy Man will he be.

Enter Angelica, Friendly *disguis'd*, Scribblescrabble *with Writings*.

Ang. Here's a Gentleman enquires for your Ladyship, [*To* Mariana.

Mar Sir *Timothy*, this is my Relation, in whose Behalf we are to do the charitable Deed I spoke to you of.

Sir *Tim.* Sir, you are honour'd! —— Your Character is Affinity with the illustrious.

Friend. Sir, I have always conceiv'd as much.

Ang. Oh gemini! the Thing is done, [*To* Clever *aside*. and I vow I'm glad 'tis over. I wou'dn't have it to do again for all the World ——— Mr. *Friendly* did look so upon one, and my Heart did go so pit-a-pat all the while.

Clev. Husht! be quiet now. You shall talk to me of it for Two Hours together by and by.

Sir *Tim.* Are the Deeds drawn according to your Ladyship's Command and Direction?

Mar. Exactly; if you do us the Honour to concur, the Matter is at an End.

Scrib. You deliver this as your Act and Deed, Sir, for the Use of this Gentleman?

Sir *Tim.* I do, Sir, with my full Intentions,

[Mariana *and Sir* Tim. *execute the Deed.*

and wish much Happiness may hereby redound and accrue to him.

Friend. Sir, I must always acknowledge you the Author of my Happiness, and will take an Opportunity to convince you of my Gratitude.

Enter Lady Stale, *and* Clerimont.

Stale. Tell not me, Mr *Clerimont*, I'm not to be fobb'd off so —— I'll find him out, if he be above Ground.

Cler.

Clar. Why, I tell you he's juſt now upon making his Fortune, and you'll ruin all.

Stale. I tell you I'll have him whole and ſole, as the Law directs, with all his Ways, Water-courſes, Eaſements and Appurtenances, I'll not bate him an Inch.

Clar. [*To* Friendly.] Look ye, Sir, the Matter is gone as far as 'twill bear, and you have nothing to do now but to make good the Ground we have got for you.

Sir *Tim.* What is the Meaning of this? What does this Lady's Paſſion import?

Mar. Some Weeping and much Talking, I believe. Ten to One but ſhe tells us more of her Mind.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, may I enquire---- [*To Lady* Stale.

Stale. Sir, I am reduc'd to the laſt Extremity, I am defeated and evil entreated, I am *deſeſperè*, by the moſt inconſtant Perſon----

Freind. That ever had the Honour to be in fair Lady's Favour. [*Pulling off his Diſguiſe.*

Stale. Oh are you there, Sir? 'Tis exceeding well indeed! I am given to underſtand that you are faithleſs, Sir, that you are falſe, Sir, that you are making your Body over, by a Marriage-Contract, to the Daughter of Sir *Timothy Tallapoy*, in order to defraud me, your lawful Creditor, of my natural Dues and Perquiſites.

Sir *Tim.* How, moſt exceeding fair Lady, are there Machinations againſt your moſt faithful humble Servant? Is your Relation Mr. *Friendly?* [*To* Mariana.

Mar. Since the matter is out, 'tis moſt certainly ſo, my Relation is Mr. *Friendly*, or Mr. *Friendly* is my Relation, you may take it either Way.

Sir *Tim.* But Madam!

Mar. But Sir *Timothy!* I hope you won't quarrel with him for that: Hark ye, let me talk with you a little. [*Takes him aſide.*

Friend. And does common Fame really ſay all this?

Stale. Ay marry does it, to thy Shame, thou Traitor!

Friend. Look ye, for the matter of the Matrimony 'tis too true; but for the other part, I ſtand up for my Conſtancy,

ſtancy, and do aver I was never falſe in my Life; for my Tryal I put my ſelf upon my Country here preſent, and your Ladyſhip may go on with the Evidence as ſoon as you ſee fit.

Stale. Oh Wretch! do'ſt thou not expect the Houſe ſhou'd fall down upon thee this Inſtant?

Friend. No, I truſt in the Timber-work.

Stale. Oh thou Wickedneſs incarnate! How often haſt thou look'd upon me and ſmil'd, and then ſmil'd and look'd upon me again?

Friend. Very often truly, being for the moſt part of a merry Diſpoſition, as the worſhipful Bench here know.

Stale. But ſay how often amorouſly, ſay, ſpeak truth, if thou dar'ſt.

Friend. Never *Clev.* A ſhort Anſwer that.

Stale. Madam, I believe he has ſqueez'd this poor Hand——— [*Crying.*

Ang. Did you ſqueeze that filthy bony thing? You ſhan't touch mine.

Stale. 'Till I have been forc'd to cry, oh!

Clev. Very barbarous that, in my Mind.

Cler. But no ſign of Love.

Clev. Oh none at all.

Stale. Didn't you promiſe me to put me out of my Pain before to-morrow; out of my Pain, I ſtick to that?

Friend. And Faith, I think I have been as good as my Word; the Devil's in't if you don't know what to truſt to now.

Stale. Ah! thou art a Fellow of ſweet Principles! but I know what you want, you want to put me in a Fit, do you, but I'll do my beſt to keep it down. [*Sobbing.* Oh! how it heaves! how it heaves here. Dear *Clever*, eaſe my Lace quickly, or I ſhall drop down, I am not able to bear it.

Cler. Nay, Madam, he's a moſt perfidious Wretch, that's certain; but ſince you ſee there is no good to be done with him, you had much better retire before you fall into a freſh Diſorder; you'd only give him an occaſion of a malicious Grin. *Clev.*

Clev. Mr. *Clermont* tells you true; these Rattle-headed young Fellows don't know how to value a discreet elderly Passion.

Stale. Ah, *Clever*, thou art certainly in the right. I'll leave him to his Flirt! Well, this is my Fifteenth Misfortune of this kind since I have been a Widow———. But I'll retire into the Country this Instant I'm resolv'd, and mind good Books, and making Sweetmeats and Salves, and never trust in a Man of Five and Twenty again.

Friend. And will she go? Will the dear Creature go?

[*Exit Lady* Stale.

Ang. Well, I'll swear you're a cross-grain'd ill-natur'd thing, I'll vow I've a good Mind to hate you.

Friend. What, for sacrificing all to you, you dear little Creature!

Ang. Be quiet, can't you! Don't you see my Father?

Sir *Tim.* Well, Madam, you see your Power over your Slave———Mr. *Friendly*, as this Lady has done you the Honour to intercede for you, I declare I receive you as my Son-in-law, and will make good what I seal'd to for my Daughter's Fortune——I hope you are no Biter.

Friend. A most profess'd Enemy to all Fools of that kind.

Sir *Tim.* I like you the better, you may come to good.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. The Peasant *Gregory Grumble*, who was imprison'd in the Cellar, notifies to your Worthiness, that the Person last committed is the very real Esquire *Pinch*, his Master.

Sir *Tim.* Ha! say'st thou! the Circumstance displeaseth ——Let him be releas'd, I am glad my Daughter is not bitten however—— It must be of great Grief to his Parents, to hear that he taketh unto Biting after this manner.

Enter Pinch.

Pinch. Look ye, Gentlemen and Ladies, this is mighty fine, very exceeding fine; here have *Gregory* and I been put in a Cellar among old Shoes, broken Bottles, and wicker Baskets, for no manner of substantial reason in the Earth.

Sir *Tim.* Young Gentleman, the Disaster has been of your own seeking. I am sorry to say it, but tho' you were

Ten

Ten times the Son of my Friend Sir *Peter Pinch*, and a Bitter, I wou'd not offer my Daughter to you.

Pinch. Ha!——you may take your Daughter and stop your——I would'n't marry her an'she were a Cherubin.

Mar. For ought I see 'tis well the matter has happen'd as it has, since the only one thing that ever Sir *Timothy* and Mr. *Pinch* could have agreed in, wou'd have been in not liking one another.

Pinch. Well perhaps 'twas, and perhaps twan't, Madam. Look ye, I desire you not to concern your self about me, I shan't concern my self about you, poz.

Mar. Why this is all right again, for we are certainly agreed as to that matter too; however I promise to wear a Willow for your sake, when I hear you are sped.

Pinch. Well, well, you may wear what you please. I believe I know what your Husband will wear, sweet Madam Nimble-Chops.

Mar. Don't be in a Choler, and I'll bring you acquainted with my Husband. Sir *Timothy*, it is some time since that I have had a very particular Esteem for your Family.

Sir *Tim.* Madam, you confer Honour.

Mar. And in order to make my self a Part of it, about a Week ago I was marry'd to this Gentleman, your Nephew. [*Pointing to* Clerimont.

Sir *Tim.* How, to my Nephew! oh thou most perfidious! Is it possible?

Cler. The thing is most certainly so, Sir.

Sir *Tim.* Is it so, Sir? Why then the World is all false, there is nothing but Villany, Biting——Jilting——

Pinch. Bite! What, art thou bit at last, Old Boy, Old *Febus*, ha!

Sir *Tim.* Get thee out of my Doors this Minute, thou most egregious wretched Puppy, or I will so batter that Scull of thine——

Pinch. Hold, keep the Peace — take away his Stick—what d'ye mean, ha! what wou'd you be at? d'ye think Heads are made for nothing but to be broke? Very pretty Sport, truly.

Mar.

Mar. Come, Sir *Timothy*, be pacify'd; I fancy we shall agree much better as Uncle and Neice, than as Man and Wife.

Sir *Tim.* Oh thou false Creature! I am enrag'd, and wish all the Western World was on Fire——But I'll take Post for the *East-Indies* this Instant, and never converse with Man, Woman or Child again, that was born on this side the Cape of *Good-hope*. [*Exit Sir* Tim.

Clev. Let him go; we shall find some way to mollifie him, I warrant you, when the first Heat is over.

Short are the passionate Firs of Love, and Rage,
Which warm the sickly Veins of feeble Age.
And tho' the Flame
Blaze out, and for a Moment seem to rise,
Yet soon the Fuel fails, and then it dies.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.

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Ju

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA